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MORAL GALLANTRY.

Cameron

St. George

MORAL GALLANTRY:

A DISCOURSE,

ADDRESSED TO

THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY

OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WITH OTHER

ESSAYS,

Intimately connected with the Subject.

BY THE LATE

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE,

OF ROSEHAUGH,

ADVOCATE TO KING CHARLES II. AND KING JAMES VII.

They weary themselves to commit iniquity. JER. ix. 5.

Though God did not know, nor men would not punish Vice, yet would I not commit it, so mean a thing is Vice. SENECA.

LONDON:

T. Hamilton, Paternoster-Row, B. J. Holdsworth, St. Paul's Churchyard, and J. Nisbet, Castle-street, Oxford-street; David Brown, 6, South St. Andrew's-street, W. Oliphant, South Bridge, James Robertson, Parliament-square, Edinburgh; and Jackson & Orr, 144, Trongate, Glasgow.

1821.

BJ1520
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CHAPMAN, PRINTER, GLASGOW.

W. H. D. Nov. 7 1822

TO THE

NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

HAVING lighted this, though the smallest and dimmest of virtue's torches, at honour's purest flame; I thought it unsuitable to place it under the bushel of a private protection; but rather to fix it upon such a conspicuous elevation as your exalted names; that virtue might launch out from thence its glorious beams more radiantly; and the better direct those who intend to be led by it. Narrower souls than yours have not room enough to lodge such vast thoughts, as virtue and honour should inspire: and that which raised you to that height which deserves this compliment from virtue, does deserve that ye should not, when ye have attained to that height, neglect its address, though sent you by the meanest of its and your servants.

Ye may (My Lords and Gentlemen) make yourselves illustrious by your virtue; and which is yet noble (because more extensive) ye may illustrate virtue by your greatness; and as the *impressa* of a great prince makes gold more current, though not more pure; so your patrociny and example may render virtue more fashionable and useful, than now it is. Undervalued virtue makes then its application to you,

as to those whom, or whose predecessors it hath obliged; and persecuted virtue deserves your patronage, as rewarded virtue is worthy of your imitation. And seeing it did raise your families, and offers still to raise monuments for your memory; ye do in that assistance but pay your debt, and buy fame from succeeding ages. And as what is engraven upon growing trees does enlarge itself as the tree rises; so virtue will be serious to advance you, knowing that it will receive extension accordingly as ye are promoted. Virtue is nothing else, but the exercise of these principles, which respect the universal good of others; and therefore nature out of kindness to its own productions, and mankind in favour to their own interests, have ennobled and adored such as were strict observers of those. The only secure and noble way then to be admired and honoured, is to be virtuous; this will make you, as it did Augustus, the ornament of your age; and as it did Titus Vespasian, the delight of mankind. This is (though to my regret) the way to be nobly *singular*, and truly great. For men follow you, when ye are vicious, in compliment to their own depraved humours; but when they shall assimilate themselves to you in your virtues, they will show truly their dependance; and that they follow you, and not their own inclinations. In vice ye but follow the mode of others; but in re-entering virtue into the bon-grace of the world, ye will be leaders: by this your lives will become patterns, and your sentences laws to posterity; who shall inquire into your actions, not only that they may admire, but (which is more) that they may imitate you in them. I intend not by this discourse (My Lords and Gentlemen) that all virtues should shrink into the narrowness of a cell, or philosopher's gown: no, no; public virtues are in their extension, as much preferable to private, as the one place is more august than the other; of which to give you but one instance (for the principle is too well founded to need more); there is more virtue in relieving the oppressed, than in ab-

staining from oppression; for that comprehends this, and adds to it the nobleness of courage, and the humanity of compassion. The one is the employment of philosophers, but the other of that omnipotent God, whom these philosophers with trembling adore: in the one we vanquish, but in the other we only fly, temptations. Virtue has employment for you, great souls, as well as for retired contemplators; and though justice, temperance, and those virtues wherein none share with you, be more intrinsically nobler than the achieving the greatest victories, wherein fate, soldiers and accidents, challenge an interest; yet virtue loves to bestow laurels as well as bays; and hath its heroes, as well as philosophers. Rouse up then your native courage, and let it overcome all things, except your clemency; and fear nothing but to stain your innocence; undervalue your ancestors no otherwise, than by thinking their actions too small a pattern for your designs; and assist your Prince, till he make the world (which is washed by the sea on all quarters) that isle which should acknowledge his sceptre. Your time makes the richest part of the public's treasure; and every hour ye mispend of that, is sacrilegious theft committed against your country. Throw not then so much time away (though some be allowable) in hunting and hawking, which are not the noblest exercises, seeing they favour always the strongest, and do incline men (though surdly) to oppression and cruelty; (for which reason, I believe, Nimrod, the first tyrant, is in Scripture observed to have been a mighty hunter;) and with Lucullus, that glorious Roman, think it the noblest hunting to pursue malefactors by justice in peace, and irreclaimable enemies by armies in war. Raise siege from before these coy ladies, (I speak not of the nobler sort, for to court such will oblige you to learn wit, liberality, patience and courage,) who do heighten their obstinacy, of design to make you lengthen your pursuits, and lay it down before these strong cities, which are by no forced metaphor called the

Mistress of the World; level their proud walls, when they refuse your just commands, with the ground whereon they stand, and leave it as a doubt to your posterity, when they see their ruins, to judge whether your fury, or the thunder, has lighted there. But, if ye will justify your compliments to deserving beauties, employ your courage, as well as affection, in their service; (for till then ye serve them up but by halves.) And as Cæsar at his parting, told Cleopatra, Think yourselves unworthy of them, till ye have raised your own value by such exploits as courage has made great, and virtue has made generous. Court them, as he did her, with no other serenades than the pleasant noise of your victories; and after ye have returned, covered not with perfumes or tissue, but with deserved and blossoming laurels; then that same virtuous courage, which hath forced a passage through walls and ramparts, (piercing where shot of cannon languished, or gave back,) will find an entry into the hardest heart; which, if it yield not to those gallant importunities of fate and fame, it is certainly more unworthy of your pains, than ye of its choice. But forget not amidst all your trophies, rather to chastise pride, than to be proud of any your plumpest successes; (which become cheats, not victories, when men are vain of them;) for by so doing you shall become vassals to it. Whilst ye toil to enslave others to you, endeavour rather to deserve, than to court, fame: for in the one case, ye will make it your trumpet; whereas in the other, it will become your imperious mistress, and ye will thus oblige it to follow you; whereas otherwise you may weary yourselves in following it. The noblest kind of vanity is to do good, not to please others, or to expect a reward from them; and fame is nothing else, but to do so of design to gratify your own gallant inclinations, judging that the having done what is good and great, is the noblest reward of both; and scattering, like the sun, equal light, when men look, or look not upon it. The noblest kind of detrac-

tion, is to lessen those who rival your virtue, not by obscuring their light, as the dull earth eclipses the moon; but by outshining it, as the sun renders all these other stars inconspicuous, which shine, but appear not at the same time with it; raise your spirits, by these heroic exploits, to so generous a pitch, that ye need not think heaven itself too high for you; and as if all things here below were too unworthy a reward for that courage, to which all those things do at last stoop; attempt heaven, (if ye will be truly courageous) which the Scripture tells us *is taken by violence, and the violent take it by force.* And when virtue hath made you too great for this lower world, the acclamations and plaudits of such as consider the heroicness and justice of your actions, shall be driven upwards with such zeal and ardour, that they shall (as it were) rent the heavens, to clear an entry for you there; where, when ye are mounted, though Cæsar or Augustus, Alexander or Antoninus, were adorning the skies, transformed into stars, as their adorers vainly imagined, yet we may with pity look down upon them, as spangles, which at best do but embroider the outside of that canopy whereupon ye are to trample. Ye shall there have pleasure, to see our blessed Saviour intercede for such as were virtuous, and welcome such as come there under that winning character; and shall from these lofty seats see such terrestrial souls, as by their love to the earth, were united and transformed into it, burn in those flames, which took fire first from the heat of their lusts here; which though it be an insupportable punishment, yet yields in horror to those checks they shall receive from their conscience, for having undervalued, or oppressed, that virtue which I here recommend.

THE

AUTHOR'S DESIGN AND APOLOGY.

THOUGH I can by no other calculation than that of my sins, be found to be old; yet in that small parcel of time which I have already transacted, I have by my own practice been so criminal, and by my example adopted so many of other men's sins into the number of my own, that though I should spend the residue of my allowance without one error, (which is equally impossible and desirable,) yet that negative goodness being a duty in itself, could expiate my foregoing sins no more, than the not contracting new debts can be accounted a payment of the old. The consideration of which prevailed with me to endeavour to reclaim others from their vices by discourses of this nature; that in their proselyted practice I might be virtuous, as I have been vicious in the practice of such as have followed my example: and that I might, in the time they should employ well, redeem what I myself had so misspent. In order to which, I did resolve to address myself to the *Nobility and Gentry*, as to those whose reason was best illuminated; and by prevailing with whom, the world (who imitates them, as they depend upon them) may be most compendiously gained to the profession of philosophy; and to such as have most leisure to reflect upon what is offered, and fewest temptations to ab-

stract them from obeying their own persuasions. And as physicians do judge their medicaments will be most successful, when they rather second than force nature; so I resolved to use the assistance of their own inclinations, in my discourses to them; laying aside an enemy, and gaining thus a friend, by one and the same task. Wherefore finding that most of them were either taken by an itch for honour or a love to ease, I have fitted their humours with two discourses; in the one whereof, I endeavour to prove, *That nothing is so mean as Vice;* and in the next I shall prove, *That there is nothing so easy as to be Virtuous.* I had, I confess, some thoughts of this discourse, when I first undertook the defence of *Solitude;* but I thought it fit to acquaint myself with writing, by writing to private persons, before I attempted to write to such as were of a more elevated condition: and that it was fit to invite all men first to *solitude;* which I prefer as the securest harbour of virtue. But if some would pursue a public life, as the more noble, I thought it fit to demonstrate to them, that there is nothing truly noble, but what is sincerely virtuous. I doubt not but some will, out of mistake, (I hope few will, out of malice,) think, that the writing upon such foreign subjects, binds this double guilt upon me, That I desert my own employment, and do invade what belongs to those of another profession. But if we number the hours that are spent in gaming, drinking, or bodily exercises, (at none of which I am dexterous); if we consider what time is spent in journeys, and in attending the tides and returns of affairs, we will find many more vacant interludes, than are sufficient for writing ten sheets of paper in two years space; especially upon a subject which requires no reading, and wherein no man can write happily, but he who writes his own thoughts. With which, pardon me, to think him a sober wit, who cannot fill one sheet in three hours; by which calculation, there need go only thirty select hours to ten sheets: and his life is most usuriously employed, who cannot

spare so many out of two years to his divertisements; especially, where the materials are such daily observations as are thrust upon me, and all others, by our living in the world; and are so orthodox and undeniable, that an ordinary dress cannot but make them acceptable. And so few (I may say, none) have written upon the subject, that I am not put to forge somewhat that may be new. But whatever others judge of this, or me, I find that it is a part of my employment, as a man and Christian, to plead for virtue against vice. And really, as a barrister, few subjects will employ more my invention, or better more my unlaboured eloquence, than this can do. And I find, that both by writing and speaking Moral Philosophy, I may contract a kindness for virtue; seeing such as repeat a lie, with almost any frequency, do at least really believe it. Neither is there any thing more natural, than to have much kindness for either those persons, or sciences, wherewith we are daily conversant: and by this profession and debate, I am obliged (though I fear that I satisfy not that obligation) by a new and strong tie to be virtuous, lest I else be inconsequential to my own principles, and so be reputed a fool, either in not following what I commend, or in commending so much, what by my practice I declare is not worth the being followed. And therefore if I cannot pleasure others, (which is my great aim, and will yield me great satisfaction,) I will at least profit myself: which, because it is more independent, is therefore more noble; and so will suit best with my subject, though the other would suit better with my desires.

ADVERTISEMENT

BY

THE EDITOR.

The intrinsic merit of the following Essays will apologize for their republication. They are now become extremely scarce, and are only to be found in the Collection of the Author's Works, in two large folio volumes.

Should they meet that favourable reception to which they are so justly entitled, the Editor intends to republish a uniform edition of the Author's Moral Essays, accompanied by a short Biographical Memoir.

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MORAL GALLANTRY:

A DISCOURSE, ENDEAVOURING TO PROVE, THAT POINT OF HONOUR OBLIGES MEN TO BE VIRTUOUS: AND THAT THERE IS NOTHING SO MEAN AS VICE, OR SO UNWORTHY OF A GENTLEMAN.

BY how much the more the world grows older, by so much (like such as wax old) its light grows dimmer; and in this twilight of its declining age, it too frequently mistakes the colours of good and evil; and not infrequently believes that to be the body, which is but its shadow. But amongst all its errors, those which concern Honour, are the most (because conspicuous, therefore) dangerous; every fault being here an original sin, and becoming, because of the authority of the offender, a law, rather than an example. Some conceive

themselves obliged in honour, to endeavour to be second to none; and therefore, to overturn all who are their superiors: others to think every thing just, whereby they may repay (though to the ruin of public justice) the favours done to their private persons, or fortunes. Some imagine, that they are in honour bound to live at the rate, and maintain the grandeur of their predecessors, though at the expense of their starving creditors; (obedient to nature in nothing oftimes, but in this fantastic keeping of their ranks;) and there want not many who judge it derogatory to theirs, to acknowledge these errors of which they stand convinced. Young gallants likewise look upon virtue, as that which confines too narrowly their inclinations; judging every thing mean, which falls short of all the length, to which power or fancy can stretch itself; and as a genteel wit hath handsomely expressed it, they believe that,

Honour is nothing but an itch of blood;
A great desire to be extravagantly good.

And thus whilst every man mistakes his fancy for his honour, they make honour to be like the wind; (from which at that rate it doth little differ;) than which nothing sounds higher, and yet nothing is less understood. To vindicate honour from these aspersions, and reclaim persons other-

wise noble from these errors, I have undertaken this discourse: the nobleness of whose subject deserves, that it had been illuminated by the victorious hand of mighty *Cæsar;* and to have been writ by a quill plucked from the wing of Fame. But I hope, the readers will consider, that seeing I am able to say so much upon it, that more sublime wits would be able to say much more. And as in refining of metals, the first workmen require usually least skill; so I hope, that after I have digged up, with rather pains than art, the first ore, it will hereafter be refined by some happier hand.

I have in great esteem those honours which are derived from ancestors; (though that be, to be great by our mother's labours, rather than our own,) and to those which princes bestow; (though that be but to be gallant in livery,) and I believe that we may justly interpret Nebuchadnezzar's image (whereof the head is said to have been of gold, the breast silver, and the belly brass, the legs iron, and the feet clay) to be a hieroglyphic of this lower world, wherein nature hath impressed the several ranks of mankind with gradual advantages suitable to their respective employments; the meaner sort falling like dregs to the bottom, whilst the more refined spirits do like the cream rise above; these like

sparkles flying upward, whilst the others do like the contemned ashes lie neglected upon the level. And seeing the wise Former of the world did design by its fabric, the manifestation of his glory; it is most reasonable to conclude, that He would adorn such as are most conspicuous in it, with such charms and accomplishments, as might most vigorously ravish the beholders into the admiration of that glorious essence they represent. The Almighty being hereby so kind to such whom He hath deprived of the pleasure of commanding others, as to give them the pleasure of being commanded by such as they need not be ashamed to obey; and so just to those whom He had burdened with that command, as to fit them for it by resembling endowments: and as by the heroicness of these who represent him, He magnifies his own wisdom in that choice; so by their public-spiritedness, he manifests his love to these who are to be governed. Thus, as amongst the spheres, the higher still roll with the greatest purity; and as in natural bodies, the head is as well the highest as the noblest part of that pretty fabric, (from being vain whereof nothing could let us, but that as the apostle says, *It is given us, and it is not our own workmanship;)* so amongst men (each thereof is a little world, or rather a noble draught of

the greater) the highest are ordinarily the more sublime; for such as attain by election to that height, must be presumed best to deserve it; such as force a passage to it, could not do so without abilities far raised above the ordinary allowance: and such as by their birth are accounted noble, have ordinarily (like water) their blood so much the more purified, by how much the farther it has run from its first fountain. Antiquity is an abridged eternity; and that being one of God's attributes, these do oft resemble him most in his other attributes, who can pretend with greatest justice to this: and as in natural bodies, duration doth argue fineness and strength of constitution, so we cannot but acknowledge, that those families have been most worthy, who have worn out the longest track of time, without committing any such enormous crime, or being guilty of either such rashness or infrugality, as moth away these their lineages; which, like Jonah's gourd, rather appear to salute the world, than to fix any abode in it.

Yet there is a nobility of extraction much raised above what can owe its rise to flesh or blood; and that is *virtue*, which being the same in souls, that the other is in bodies and families, must, by that analogy surpass it as far as the soul is to be preferred to the body; and this

mortal honour and nobility, prizes its value so far above all other qualities, that the stoical *Satyrist*, following the dictates or doctrines of that school, is bold to say, That nothing but virtue deserves the name of nobility.

Nobilitas sola est atque; unica virtus.

And in opposition to this nobility, but most consequentially to that doctrine, Seneca, a partisan of the same tribe, doth with a noble haughtiness of spirit tell us, That *licet Deus nesciret, nec homo puniret, peccatum, non tamen peccarem, ob peccati vilitatem;* though God did not know, nor man would not punish vice, yet I would not sin; so mean a thing is vice. For proving of which, I shall advance and confirm these two great truths, that men are, in *point of honour*, obliged to be virtuous: and that there is no vice which is not so mean, that it is unworthy of a gentleman: and shall lead you unto that seraglio of private vices, of which, though the weakest seem in our experience to have strength enough to conquer such who pass for great spirits, or wits in the world; a philosopher will yet find, that these defeats given by them to noble spirits, do not proceed from the irresistibleness of their charms, but from the inadvertence of such as are captivate; and is rather a surprise than a conquest: for

those great souls being busied in the pursuit of some other project, want nothing but time to overcome these follies, or else these vices and passions (which is a great argument of their weakness) do then assault such heroes, when they are become now mad with their prosperity. But if we will strip vice or passion of these gaudy ornaments, which error and opinion lend them, or advert to our own actions, we will find that these overcome us not, but that we by our own misapprehension of them overcome ourselves; as will appear, first, by some general reflections; to which, in the second place, I shall subjoin some particular instances, and shall by a special induction of the most eminent virtues and vices, clear, That there is nothing so noble as virtue, nor nothing so mean as vice.

As to the general reflections, I shall begin with this; That if advancement be a noble prize, doubtless virtue must by this be more noble than vice, seeing it bestows oftest that so much desired reward. For further proving of which from reason, consider, that no man will associate with vicious persons, (without which no project for advancement can be promoted). For who will hazard his life and fortune with one whom he cannot believe? And who can believe one who is not virtuous? Trust, fidelity, and sin-

cerity, being themselves virtues: or, who should expect to gain by favours the friendship of such, as by their vices are ingrate to God and nature? Who have been to such liberal, infinitely far above human reach; (and thus likewise vicious persons are contemptibly mean, seeing they are so infinitely ingrate.) And in this appears the meanness of vice, that it can effectuate nothing without counterfeiting virtue, or without its real assistance: when robbers associate, they entertain something analogical to friendship and trust, else their vices would be but barren; and without humility showed to inferiors, the proudest men and tyrants would owe but little to the greatness of their spirit. When undertakers league together, either they trust one another because of their oaths, or because of their interests only; if the first, they owe their success to virtue; if the second, then they never fully cement, but assist each other by halves; reserving the other half of their force to attend that change, which interest may bring to their associates: and do such as fight for hire (interest being nothing else) acquit themselves with such valour, as those whose courage receives edge from duty, charity, religion, or any such virtuous principles? Vicious persons have many rivals, and so meet in their rising with much

opposition: the covetous fear the promotion of him who is such; and the ambitious of him who is of the same temper: but because all expect civility from the courteous, and money from the liberal; they therefore wish their preferment, as what will contribute to their own interest: and princes are induced to gratify such, as knowing that in so doing they transmit to their people what they bestow upon such favourites; and that they preclude the challenges of those, who repine at their favours as misplaced, when not bestowed upon themselves.

If there be any thing that is noble and desirable in fame, virtue is the only (at least as the straightest, so the nearest) road to it; posterity taking our actions under their review without the bias of prejudice, passion, interest, or flattery. And of such as story canonizes for its grandees, Alexander is not so truly glorious for defeating the Indians, as for refusing to force Darius's fair daughters; for in the one a great part is due to the courage of his soldiers, and the brutishness of his opposers; whereas in the other he overcame the charms of such, as might have overcome all others; and was put to combat his own youth, which had gained for him all his victories: the meanest of his soldiers could have forced a prisoner, but fame reserved it as a re-

ward worthy of Alexander in his chastity, to vanquish a monarch, and gratify a generous lady; to displease whom was as great a crime as it was to ravish others. Nor was William the Conqueror more honoured for subjecting a warlike nation, than for pardoning Gospatrick and Eustache of Bulloign, after so many revoltings: for in the one, he conquered but these who were less than himself; but in the other he conquered himself who was their conqueror. Aristides was esteemed more noble in undergoing a patient banishment, than these usurpers who condemned him to it, whose names remain as obscure as their crimes are odious; whilst his is the continual ornament of pulpits and theatres. And all the Roman glories do not celebrate Nero's memory to the same pitch with that of Seneca's, who did (like the sun) then appear greatest when he was nearest to the setting. Alexander is only praised, when we remember not his killing Parmenio: and the famous Hugh Capet of France ends his glory, where we begin to talk of his usurpation; and (to dispatch) this is one great difference betwixt virtue and vice, in relation to fame; that vice, like a Charletan, is applauded by the unacquainted, or like rotten wood may shine in the dark; but its lustre lessens at the approach of either time or light;

whereas though virtue may for a time lie under the oppression of malice, (which martyrdom it suffers only when it is mistaken for vice); yet time ennobles it, and light does not lend it splendour, but serves only to illuminate its beholders; and so to enable them to discover what native excellencies it possesses.

If Amphialus or Orondates had been charged in these romances ye so dote upon, with drunkenness, oppression, or envy, certainly it had lessened their esteem even with such as most admire, though they will not imitate, these virtues. And to show how much kindness virtue breeds for such as possess it, consider how, though ye know these to be but imaginary *ideas* of virtue, yet we cannot but love them for that, as ye can love them for nothing else, seeing they never obliged you or your relations; and since abstract virtue conciliates so much favour, certainly virtue in you will conciliate much more: for besides that *idea* which will be common to you with them, some will be obliged thereby to love you as their benefactors; and others because they know not when ye will become so; and at least they will honour your virtue as that which will secure them against your wrongs; and which will assure them of your good wishes, if you cannot lend them your assistance. Would

not the most prostitute ladies hate Statira or Parthenissa, if they had been represented under any one of these their own vices; whose number can find their account no where but in the moments they live, nor excuses no where but in the madness of such as commit them? And would not our gallants think it ridiculous to see these heroes brought in by the author of Cassandra or Parthenissa, glorying in having made their comrades brutish by drinking, or poor maids miserable by uncleanness? and though whoring be cried up as one of these genteel exercises, that are the price of so much time and pains; yet we hear of none of these who are so much as said to have had a whore, far less to glory in it. But to turn the medal; consult your own experience, and it will remember you of many hopeful gentlemen, whose advancement has been so far disappointed by these vices, that they fell so low as to become objects of pity to such as feared them once, as their accomplished rivals. And to let us see the folly of sin; I have known such as hated niggardliness so much, as that to shun it, they spent their abortive estates before they were full masters of them; brought by that excess to flee creditors, starve at home, walk in rags, and which is worse, beg in misery; and so to fall into the extremity of that vice, whose first and

most innocent degrees they laughed at in others; and when they begged from these who were both authors and companions in their debaucheries, (expecting to be supplied as well by their justice, as their compassion) did get no return but that laughter which was a lesson taught by themselves: or at best, a thousand curses for having bred them in a way of living, that did naturally occasion so much mischief. If then poverty be mean and ignoble, certainly vice must be so too; seeing besides sickness, infirmity and infamy, it hales on poverty upon such as entertain it.

When the world was yet so young as to be led by sincerity, in place of that experience which makes our age rather witty than honest; its heroes, who equally surpassed and ennobled mankind by their virtue, were for it deified, even by these their contemporaries, who in possessing much more both riches and power than they, wanted nothing but this virtue to be much greater than they were. And thus Nimrod's kingdom could not build him altars, though sincere Rhadamanthus had fire kindled on his by the heat of their zeal, who knowing him to be mortal, could not, even in spite of his dying, but worship that immortal virtue which shined in him. And as Cicero informs, these gods of the Pagans were at first but illustrious heroes whose

virtue, rather than their nature, rendered them immortal, and worthy to be worshipped, even in the estimation of such undisciplined brutes, as thought the laws of nature a bondage, and the laws of God a fable. We find, though Lycurgus in Lacedemon, Aristides in Athens, and Epaminondas in Thebes, were not born to command, yet their virtue bestowed on them what their birth denied; and both without, and against factions, they were elected by their citizens to that rule, which they did not court; and were preferred to such as both by birth and pains had fairer pretences to it. And whilst Greece flourished, *reges philosophabant, et philosophi regebant;* these commonwealths being more numerous than their neighbours in nothing but the sincere exercise of reason. And when tyranny and pride had, by wasting these commonwealths, made place for the Roman glory; nothing conquered so much the confiners of that glorious state, (whose centre was virtue, and circumference fame) as their virtue. Thus the Phalerions are by Plutarch said to have sent ambassadors to Rome, resigning themselves over to the Roman government, because they found them so just and noble, as to send back their children who had been betrayed by a schoolmaster. When Pyrrhus was advertised by the Romans to beware

of poison from one of his own subjects, who had offered to despatch him; he did then begin to fear that he should be conquered by their arms, who had already subdued him by their civilities. And such esteem had their justice gained them, that they were chosen umpires of all neighbouring nations; and so gained one of the opposites first to a confederacy, and then to a dependency upon them. And Attalus king of Pergamus, did in legacy leave them his kingdom, as to those whose virtues deserved it as a reward; which occasioned St. Augustine to fall out into this eloquent expression:—*Because God* (saith he) *would not bestow heaven upon the* Romans, *they being Pagans; he bestowed the empire of the world upon them, because they were virtuous.* And many have been raised to empires by no other assistance than that of their virtue; as Numa Pompilius, Marcus Antonius, Pertinax, and Vespasian; whilst the want of this hath in spite of all the power with which vicious governors have been surrounded, degraded others from the same imperial honours; as Tarquinius Superbus, Domitian, Commodus. And generally there is but one emperor to be seen in that long Roman list, who was unfortunate being virtuous: and not one whose vice was not the immediate cause of ruin to its author.

Antiquity hath also transmitted to us the memory of Socrates, Zeno, and other philosophers, under as obliging eulogies, as these of the most famous emperors; whom virtue (to let us see that riches and honour are but the instruments of fame and not the dispensers of it) hath without any assistance raised to this pitch above these princes, that they have conquered our esteem without the aid of armies, treasures, senates, or flattering historians, and cease not like them to command when they ceased to live, but by their precepts and discourses force worthy souls yet to a more entire obedience, than the others did whilst they were alive by their sanctions and penal statutes. For princes govern but a short time one nation; and by these laws they awe but such vicious persons, whom it is more trouble than honour to command. But these illustrious philosophers, and such as imitate their virtue, have thereby attained to a sovereignty, over both the wills and judgments of the best of all such as are scattered amongst all the other kingdoms of the world. And Marcus Aurelius, who was one of the greatest emperors, doth recommend to kings as well as subjects, to think that one of these philosophers is beholding all their actions, as a most efficacious mean to keep men in awe, not to commit that vice to which they are tempted.

I have seen very great men shun to own even their beloved vices, in the presence of such as they needed not fear for any thing but their virtue. And it is most remarkable, that Nero, who exceeded all who then lived in power, and all who shall live (I hope) in cruelty, did still judge himself under some restraint whilst Seneca was at court to be a witness to his actions. And every vicious person must flee public and the light, (which shows the meanness and cowardliness of vice,) when he is to resign himself over to any of these criminal exercises; by which likewise when committed, men become yet more cowards; for who having spent his life at that unworthy rate, will not (if he be master of any reason) tremble and be afraid to venture upon such exploits, which by taking his life from him, may and will present him before the tribunal of that God whom he hath offended? And from whom (which will not a little contribute to his cowardliness) he cannot expect that success, whereof the expectation lessens or heightens to its own measures the courage of such as are engaged.

We may easily conclude the meanness of vice from this also, that servants without pains or art equal us in them; for these can whore, drink, lie, and oppress: but to be temperate, just, and

compassionate, are qualities whereby we deserve, and are by such as know us not, judged to be masters and well descended. And have not servants reason to think themselves as deserving persons as their masters, when they find themselves able to equal or surpass them in what they glory in, as their great accomplishments?

Seeing what is imitated is still nobler than what imitates, certainly vice must be the less noble, because it but copies virtue, and owes to its mask and our errors, what it possesses of pleasure or advantage. Cruelty pretends to be zeal, liberality is counterfeited by the prodigal, and lust endeavours to pass for love.

Is there any thing more ignoble than fear, which does as slaves subject us to every attempter? And have not all vices somewhat of that unmanly passion? In covetousness we fear the want of money, in ambition the want of honour, in revenge the want of justice, in jealousy rivals; and when we lie we fear to speak openly.

Is there any thing more mean than dependence? And does not ambition make us to depend upon such as have honours? Covetousness upon such as have riches? And lust upon the refuse of women? Whereas, virtue seeks no other reward than is paid in doing what is virtuous, and owes its fee only to itself; leaving vice

in the servile condition of serving for a fee, even those whom it most hates. And generally in all vices we betray a meanness, because in all these we confess want and infirmities: in avarice we appear either fools in desiring what is not necessary, in disobliging friends, hazarding our health, and other necessaries, for what is not so in itself; or else we confess that our necessities are both greater and more numerous than these of others, by heaping together riches and money, which serve for nothing when they serve us not in supplying our wants. In ambition we confess the want of native honour and excellency: in lust, want of continency: in anger, we want command of ourselves; and in jealousy, we declare we think not ourselves worthy of that love alone, wherein we cannot fear rivals upon any other account. And in jealousy, men likewise wrong their own honour in suspecting their ladies or friends; whereas virtue persuades us, that our necessities may be confined to a very small number; and that these may be repaired without any loss of friends, and but little of time. It teaches us that riches were created to serve us; and that therefore we disparage ourselves, when we subject our humour to our servants. And from it we learn to rate so justly the excellencies of that rational soul which is the image of God Almigh-

ty, as to expect from it, and no where else under the sun, any true and solid happiness; and to account nothing more noble than it, except the Almighty God whose offspring it is, and whom it represents.

There is nothing more mean than to be cheated, and all vices cheat us; treason promises honour, but leads to a scaffold; lust pleasure, but leads to sickness; and flattery cheats all such as hear it; and such as are proud are double miserable, because they are both the cheaters and the persons cheated. Thus vice cannot please without a crime; and these are even then gaining the hatred and contempt of others, when they are enquiring or hearing from flatterers, that the people seek no where without them objects of love and admiration: whereas sacred virtue allows us to admire ourselves, and which is more, to believe that all these things for which vicious men neglect the care of their souls, are unworthy of our research; and certainly the soul is a more noble creature than that earth, or metal, which we stain our souls to get: for our souls do censure all these things, it finds defects in the noblest buildings, and shows by desiring more, an unsatiableness in all extrinsic objects; it determines the price of all other creatures, and like the magistrate in this commonwealth, assigns to

every thing its rate; to day it cries up the diamond, and to morrow it allows preference to the ruby: these traits and colours which ravish this year, pass the next for no beauty. Red hair pleases the Italian, and our climate hates it; and it is probable that this change of inclination is not a culpable inconstancy in man, but a mark of his sovereignty over all his fellow-creatures. Virtue teaches him not to owe his happiness to the stars, nor to be like them foolish emperors, so fondly vain, as to think that he shall have no other reward for his virtue, than the being transformed into one of these lesser lights, which he knows to have been created only for a lanthorn to him; or at the best but to adorn with their numberless associates that firmament, which was created to be one of these arguments, whereby he was to be courted into a belief of, and love for, that God who thinks him so excellent a creature, that he is said to be glad at the conversion of a sinner, and to grieve at his obstinacy. And if we will consider the miraculous fabric of our bodies, which though we be but dull, yet we may see to be all workmanship; and wherein the number of wonders equals that of nerves, sinews, veins, bones, or ligaments; the curious fabric of that brain, which lodges (without crowd or confusion) so many thousand of different and noble

thoughts; the artifice of those various organs, that express so harmonious airs and ravishing expressions; the charmingness of these lines and features in ladies, which like the sun scorch as well as illuminate the beholders: we may conclude that our soul must be a most excellent piece, seeing all this contexture is appointed to be but a momentary tabernacle for it, when it is in its lowest and unworthiest estate; and which when the soul deserts, is thrown out with all its wonders, lest it should by its stink trouble the meanest of these senses, which serves the souls of these who are alive. Consider, how this soul grasps in one thought all that globe for which ambitious men fight, and for some of whose furrows the avaricious man doth so much toil. Consider, how it despises all that avarice has amassed; how it is pleased with no external object longer than it fully considers it; and what a great vacuity is left in our desires, after these are thrown into them; and by all this we may learn that vice disparages too much the soul, when it imagines that any finite thing can bound its thoughts; and we are but cheated when we listen to these proffers which vice makes use of, honour, pleasure, or advantage: for who can be so mean to think that all these faculties were bestowed upon our souls, these features upon our

bodies, and so much care taken of both by providence, for no other end than that we should admire that wine which peasants make? Those colours which prostitute whores wear? That we should gain fortunes, which serve too oft to corrupt these for whom they are prepared? Or respect from such as bow not to us, but to our stations?

Having thus over-run these general considerations, whereby men who are gallant may be courted to a love for virtue, my method leads me now to fall down to those instances of particular vices and virtues, wherein I may make nearer approaches to the actions of mankind: and seeing there is too much of ease, too little of cogency, in writing full and tedious essays upon these common themes, I shall consider them only as they relate to gallantry; promising no other tract of art in all this discourse, but that I shall pursue my design so closely, as not to employ any argument against vice, nor assist virtue with one thought, but such as may descry the one as mean, and cry up the other as genteel and handsome.

We owe that deference to great men, that even their vices should have the precedency of all others; and therefore I shall begin this invective with *dissimulation*, which is peculiarly

their sin; for when the meaner sort are guilty of the same thing, it is in them called falsehood; from which dissimulation differs nothing, but that it is the cadet of a nobler family. And this evinces what an ugly and ungenteel vice dissimulation is, seeing he is no gentleman who would choose rather to die or starve, than to be thought false: all dissemblers show an inability to compass without these pitiful shifts, what in dissembling they design, for this is the last refuge; and by this courage becomes unnecessary: and we oft see that cowards dissemble best, gallant men laying that weight upon their courage, which others do upon dissimulation. And at this unworthy game it is not requisite to be gallant, provided men be wicked. Dissimulation is but a courtly cowardliness, and a stately cheat: and certainly he is too much afraid of his own either courage or fate, and values too much his prize above his honour, or innocence, who can stoop to play his underboard game: whereas a gallant and generous soul will not fear any event so much, as to leave his road for it; and will own what is just with so much nobleness of resolution, that though fate should tumble down upon him mountains of misfortune, they may perhaps overwhelm, but they shall never be able to divert him. Where are then these gallant resolutions of our

forefathers; who scorned even victories gained by treachery, falsehood, poisons, and such other unhandsome means? Where is the Roman fortitude, which advertised Pyrrhus of his physicians' offer to poison him, though their greatest enemy? And which caused Marcus Regulus choose to return to be a martyr for virtue rather than stain the Roman faith? Where are these resentments of the lie in frivolous causes, when great men magnify in their dissimulation what is in effect lying and treachery? To deceive one who is not obliged to believe us, is ill; but to cheat one whom our own fair pretences have induced to believe us, is much worse; for this is to murder one whom we have persuaded to lay aside his arms: and as dissimulation thrives never but once, so to use it cuts off from the dissembler that trust and confidence which is necessary in great undertakings; for who will depend on these whom they cannot trust? And after Dissemblers are catched, as seldom they escape, the abused people hate and persecute them as violators of that without which the world cannot subsist. I appeal to the reader, if he hath not heard enemies loved for their ingenuity; and if he hath not seen these cut-throat lights blown out, and end in a stinking snuff; and as if every man had escaped a cut-purse, if every man did

not bless himself, and rejoice to see these dissemblers fall. And I may justly say, that dissimulation is but the theory of cut-pursing, or murder: consider how unpleasant any thing appears that is crooked, and ye will find natural argument against dissimulation; and though it hath great patrons, and can pretend to an old possession, and much breeding at some courts, (though all who are gallant there hate it,) yet it is never able to gain esteem; and can defend itself no other ways than by a cowardly lurking, and shunning to be discovered. Neither can there be so much wit in this art, as can justify its error; for women, and the meanest wits are oftimes most expert in it: all can do it in some measure, and none ever used it long without being discovered; and such only are rendered its prey, as make it no great conquest; they being either our friends, who expected not our invasion, or fools who are worthy to be glorified in as our trophies.

There are none of the vices which rage amongst them, more destructive to either their honour, or to the honour of that commonwealth which they compose, than envy, and (which follows it, and aggravates its guilt) detraction. Envy is mean, because it confesses that the envier is not so noble or excellent as the person envied; for

none are envied, but such as possess somewhat that overreaches, or excels what is possessed by such as do envy. This vice acknowledges, that he who useth it, wants much of what is desirable; and which is meaner, much of what another possesses; and as if we despaired of rising to another's height, it makes us endeavour to pull him down to the stature of our own accomplishments. Most men essay to imitate the actions of these whom they envy; so that in detracting from these, they leave others to undervalue what they themselves design ardently to perform. And thus, if these detractors be so much favoured by fate, as to achieve any such great action; as that is which they undervalue in others, they get but a barren victory; and which is more insupportable, they see themselves punished by their own vice. And to convince us how mean vices, envy and detraction are; we may observe, that, such as are victorious, judge it their honour, to magnify these who were vanquished; and men wound extremely their own honour, when they detract from persons who are more deserving in the eyes of the world than themselves; for they force their hearers to conclude, That the detractors themselves must be undeserving; seeing these who deserve better, are by their confession, cried down as being of no merit; which remem-

bers me of this excellent passage in Plinius the Second, *Tibi ipsi ministras in alio laudando; aut enim is quem laudas, tibi superior est, aut inferior; si inferior, et laudandas tu multo magis; si superior, neque jure laudandus, tu multo minus:* Thou servest thine own interest when thou praisest others; for either he whom thou praisest, is thy inferior, and then if he deserves to be praised, much more thou; if he be thy superior, and deserves not to be praised, much less thou. All men are either our friends, or our enemies, or such who have not concerned themselves in our affairs. We are base because ingrate, when we detract from our friends; and we assert our own folly, when by detraction we endeavour to lessen the worth of those whom we have chosen for such: we lessen likewise our honour, when we detract from our competitors and enemies, because to contest with undeserving persons is ignoble; and to be vanquished by them has little of honour in it: whereas as all events are uncertain, if we be overcome by such as our detractions have made to pass for undeserving, our overthrow will by so much become the more despicable; and to detract from such as expected no wrong from us, and who are strangers to us and our affairs, is not only imprudent and unjust, but is as dishonourable and little gallant,

as that is to wound one who expects not our assault, and whose innocency as to us, leaves him disarmed; and the word *backbiting* clears to us, that detraction is a degree of cowardliness; for it assaults only such as are unprepared or absent, which is held dishonourable among the least of such as have gallantry in any esteem. He who praises, bestows a favour, but he who detracts, commits a robbery, in taking from another what is justly his; and certainly to give, is more noble than to take. Envy is almost prejudicial to great undertakings, seeing such as are engaged, must resolve either not to act what is necessary for completing so great projects, or if they do, to fall under the envy of these for whom they act them; and the undertakers do obstruct by envy their own greatness, because they are by that vice persuaded to crop such as begin to perform in their service, attempts worthy of the being considered. How destructive likewise this vice is to the glory of kingdoms and commonwealths, does but too clearly appear from this, that all who are in them are either despicable by not being worthy of the being envied, or else will be destroyed by that vice, which levels its murdering engines at such only who are the noblest spirits, and who deserve most promotion from their country. Carthage was

destroyed by the envy which Hanno and Bomilcar bore to Hannibal, who by denying him forces to prosecute his Italian conquests, did involve themselves with him in the common ruins of their country; which shows the dishonourable folly of envy in conspiring against itself, with these, who being enemies to both the opposites, sides first with the one in gratifying his envy, and then destroys the other, whose passsion it first served. Pitiful examples whereof our own age affords us, wherein many great men were by envy driven to oppose principles, whereon they knew the public safety and their own private interest to depend. Flaminius, the Roman general, endangered Rome; and Terentius Varro did almost lose it out of envy to Fabius Maximus; and such was the force of envy, that it did defeat the great Scipio, and banished him from that Rome which he had made both secure and great; and did by his example cool the zeal of such who retained their blood in its veins, as in an arsenal, for no other end than the service of their country; as a consequence of which envy, it was observed, That in the next age most of Rome's citizens declined rather to entertain that fame, which the former courted, than to be exposed to the cruelty of that envy which did usually attend it. Detraction brings likewise

these great disadvantages to our reputation, that it engages both these from whom we detract, and their friends, partly out of revenge, and partly for self-defence, to inquire into our errors and frailties; and to publish such as upon inquiry they have found, or to hatch calumnies, if truth cannot supply them: and in that case, rate of game obliges us to favour the counterer; for we defend what may be our own case, in favouring what is at present but the defence of others. It legitimates likewise these calumnies which are vented by us, by such as our detraction hath not yet reached, who will think it their prudence (like those who fear invasion) to carry the war into the territories of such, from whom they do upon well founded suspicions expect acts of hostility. If then our own honour be dear to us, we should not invade the honour of others: for revenge, the activest of passions (when added to that love of honour, which is equal in us and them) will oblige them to do more against our honour, than we can do in its defence.

Whoring renders men contemptible, whilst it tempts them to embrace such as are not only below themselves in every sense, but such as are scarce worthy to serve these handsomer ladies, whom they either do, or may lawfully enjoy. Doth not this vice persuade men to lie in cottages

with sluts, or (which is worse) strumpets? To lurk in corners; to fear the encounter of such as know them; and to bribe and fear those servants, who by serving them at such occasions, have by knowing their secrets, attained to such a servile mastery over them, that I have been ashamed to hear gentlemen upbraided by these slaves, in terms which were the adequate punishment, as well as the effect of their vice. Men in whoring must design either to satisfy their own necessities, or their fancy; if their necessities, then as marriage is more convenient, so it is as much more noble than whoring; as it is more genteel for a person of honour, rather to lodge constantly in a well appointed palace, than to ramble up and down in blind ale-houses; in the one a man enjoys his own, whereas in the other he only lives as thieves do by purchase; if to satisfy fancy, certainly it should please more, at least it is more honourable to be secure against rivals, than to be sure to be equalled by them. Who will fancy a divided affection? And who can be sure that she who destroys her honour for us, will not resign the same to a second, or a third; for besides the experiment we have of her change, oaths, honour, and obligations can be no convincing evidences of, or sureties for, what she promises; seeing she is then breaking these, when she gives

strangers these new assurances. And this makes me laugh to hear women so foolish as to rely upon such promises as are given by men who destroy their nuptial oaths when they make them. And if women be such excellent persons as to deserve that respect, and these adorations, which are passionate enough to be paid before altars; certainly every man should endeavour to secure the esteem of one of these rare creatures, which is more noble than to rest satisfied with a tenth, or sixteenth part, like men sharing in a caper. And therefore seeing fancy nor honour allow no rivals, I am confident that no man can satisfy his fancy, nor secure his honour, in preferring a whore to a wife, or in using whores when he wants one. Have not whores ruined the repute of some great men who entertained them, by causing them to neglect to pursue their victories, as Thais did to Alexander, and Cleopatra to Mark Antony? Have they not betrayed their secrets wherein their fame was most interested, as Dalilah did to Samson? And there is nothing more ordinary to hear such (like Herod) sware that they dare not refuse their mistresses whatever is within their reach; and thus they must either prove base in perjuring themselves, if they think not what they say; or are contemptible slaves both to their passions and to

these who occasion them, if they resolve to perform what they promise; which makes likewise these to be dangerous masters, who depend upon the humour of a woman; and so concludes them unfit to be great. It were then a generous expiation of this vice in such as are oppressed by it, to use it (not its objects) as Mahomet the great did his gallant mistress Irene, whose life and head he sacrificed to the repinings of his court and Janizars; who challenged him justly for loving rather to be conquered by one silly woman, than to conquer the world wherein she had many, but he no equals. It is noble to deliver ladies out of danger, but not to draw dangers on them; and to punish such as scoff at them, rather than to make them ridiculous: and what thousands of dangers are drawn upon ladies by being debauched, when married; and if they be not married, are they not thereby made the proverb of all such as know them? And to these I recommend Tamar's words, who when Ammon offered to lie with her, told him, *Thou shalt be as one of the fools in* Israel; *and I, whither shall I cause my shame to go?* And after this, let them remember that when he had satisfied his lust, then he instantly (as is too ordinary) despised her person. And since ladies will not stain their honour with this vice till they be

married, I conceive they should much less after, for there the obligation is doubled. From all which it follows, that lust is equally base and ignoble, whether it discharge itself upon equals or inferiors; betwixt which two there is only this difference, that it is brutal in the one case, and cruel in the other.

There is no vice whereby gallantry is more stained, than by breach of promise; which becomes yet more sacrilegious when ladies are wronged by it. And of this, whoring makes men likewise guilty, when it robs from ladies their husbands; robbing likewise such upon which it bestows them, both of their honour and quiet. And thus, though it makes such as use it barren, (God in this resisting the propagation of sin) yet itself brings forth its faults in full clusters. And Nathan's parable to David proves it likewise to be so high an oppression, that no man of honour would commit it, if he would but seriously reflect upon his own actions. From which parable this new observation may be likewise made, that though David was guilty of murder and whoring, yet the prophet made choice only of this last to astonish this warlike monarch, and raise his indignation against this vice, when shadowed out under a foreign and borrowed representation; though murder be so barbarous a crime

in itself, that the barbarians did instantly conclude Paul guilty of it, when they saw the viper fasten upon his hand. The unjustest extravagance of lust is that, whereby men contemn such as become their wives, though they admired them when they were their mistresses; for in this they confess it is a meanness to be theirs; for since that time the neglecters thought them amiable, they, sweet creatures, have oft contracted no guilt, nor lessened the occasion of that esteem no otherwise, than by marrying their inconstant gallants, who seemed to have so warm a passion for them. And it is strange, that men should admire their own eloquence, courage, estates, and all things else they possess, for no other cause, than because they are their own; and yet should undervalue their wives (the noblest thing they possess) upon this and no other account.

I cannot think nature such a cheat, as that if women had not been the excellentest of creatures, it would have beautified them with charms, and armed their eyes with such piercing glances, that to resist them is the next impossibility to the finding a creature that is more accomplished than they; and I confess, the love we bear them is not only allowable in itself, as an inclination that is of its own nature noble and virtuous, but like-

wise, because it obliges such as are engaged in it to despise all mean vices, such as avarice or fear; and is incompatible with all disingenuous arts, such as dissimulation or flattery. And though such as are guilty of whoring, do justify their debording by a love to that glorious sex; yet by this pretext they are yet more unjust and vicious than their former guilt made them; for by roving amongst so many, they intimate that they are not satisfied with their first choice; and that not only there are some of that sex, but that there is none in it who deserves their entire affection. Or else by dividing them amongst so many, they think their kindness sufficient to make numbers of ladies happy; by both which errors, they wrong not only themselves by swearing otherwise to the ladies to whom they make love, but they wrong likewise the innocence and amiableness of that sweet sex, in whom no rational man can find a blemish, besides their esteem for such persons as these, who indeed admire them no where but in their compliments; and who are oft so base, that not only their society is scandalous, but they are ready to tempt such as they frequent; or if they fail in this, are oft so wicked, that they, to satisfy either their revenge or vanity, do brag of intimacies and allowances which they never possessed. If then,

gallants would be loved by their mistresses, they must be virtuous, seeing such love only these who are secret, many things passing amongst even Platonics, which should not be revealed. These who are courageous, seeing this is appointed to be a protection to the weakness of their sex; and these who are constant, seeing to be relinquished infers either a want of wit, in having chosen such as would quit them without a defect; or else that they were abandoned because of defects, by such as the world may justly from their first ardency, conclude, would never have abandoned them without these; what lady without a cheat, will be induced to love one wasted with pox and inconstancy? one whom drunkenness makes an unfit bedfellow, as well as a friend? And though some worship the relics of saints, yet none but these who are mad as well as vicious, will worship the relics of sinners.

Neither is the meanness of this vice taken off, by the greatness of these with whom it is shared, which may be clear from this, that either affection, interest, or ambition, are in the design of these offenders. If affection, it should excuse no more her who is whore to a monarch, than her who is such to a gentleman; for affection respects the person, but not the condition of such as are loved; and it is certainly then most pure,

when it cannot be ascribed to, or needs the help of either riches to bribe, or power to recommend it. But if riches be designed, then the committer is guilty both of avarice and whoring; and she is not worthy to be a mistress, who can stoop to a fee like a servant. And she who designs honour and repute by these princely amours is far disappointed: for though she may command respect, yet esteem is not subject to sceptres. And I am confident that Lucretia, who choosed rather to open her veins to a fatal lance, than her heart to the embraces of a sovereign, is more admired than Thais, Popœa, Jane Shore, and Madame Gabriel; whose obedience to their own kings was a crime in them, though it was loyalty in others. Blushes are then the noblest kind of paint for ladies, and chastity is their most charming ornament: and if these would send out their emissaries, to learn by them how to reform their errors, as they oft do to reform their revenge, they would easily perceive, that loose men laugh at their kindness, virtuous men undervalue them and it. And whenever any judgment is poured out upon the kingdom, or misfortune overtakes these minions, then all is ascribed by divines to their looseness; and it is one of the allowablest cheats in devotion, to invent miraculous resentments from heaven upon their failures. Young ladies,

to recommend their own chastity, are obliged in good breeding, at least to say they hate them; such as are married, are bound by their interest to decry such as may debauch their husbands; and these who are old, rail against them, as those who place all happiness in what, because of age, they cannot pretend to; whereas such as are chaste, are recommended with magnifying praises, for patterns to such as are vicious; and are copied as admirable originals by such as are virtuous. And I cannot omit this one reflection, that chaste women are more frequently tainted with pride, than with any other vice; nature as it were allowing to them to raise their own value far above others, whom they have (almost) reason to contemn as persons who prostitute themselves; (which, and the word *humbling*, are lessening epithets of whoring;) and such who are nasty, spotted, and unclean.

Lust and obscenity in discourse run in a vicious circle, and by an odious incest beget one another; for as lust prompts men to obscenity, so obscenity pimps men into lust; but in this, obscenity is more culpable than lust, that in the one, men allege a natural advantage, and some a necessity; but in the other they have no temptation, and so fall under that curse, *Wo unto them that sin without a cause.* In the one men sin covertly, making

by their blushes, as by a tacit confession, some atonement for their guilt; but in the other men divulge their sin, and by gracing it with what, if the subject were honest, might pass for wit, do invite such as wish to be reputed wits, first to admire, and then to imitate them in their sinning; and the best of such as use that eloquence, become thereby most ignoble; being in effect but cooks, who prepare sauces for provoking a lustful appetite in their hearts. And I admire, that seeing comedians are hissed off the stage when they attempt it, that such as are so far greater than these, as masters are above buffoons, should imagine that they can magnify themselves by it. This vice may well enough be ranged under one of the species of *sodomy*, seeing such as use it, employ in their lust these members, which were so far from being destinate for so low uses, that the Psalmist, in saying, *He will praise God with his glory*, (which interpreters render to be the tongue,) doth show us, that our tongues are amongst the noblest parts of our body. And when I consider how melodious it is in its harmonies; how eloquent in its expressions; how whole multitudes are reclaimed from their greatest furies by it; and how Cicero is, in spite of all his other faults, so admired for it, that thousands sweat and toil daily to make one in that number,

wherein he is acknowledged to be by them all far the first; when I consider how miraculously it expresses, with the same motion, so varying sounds, that though mankind be innumerable, yet each in it hath his distinct tone and voice; and how with little different positions, it signets the same air with words so extremely differing, that one may think that each man hath a spirit speaking out of him: I must tell out in regrets and wonders, that, and how so excellent a faculty is so much abused! Neither must we conclude, that because such go away unanswered, that they owe this to the sharpness of their wit, but rather to the depravedness of its subject; wherewith the greatest part of accurate spirits are so little acquainted, that some know not the terms, and others know them only to hate them. We must not think, that we admire for wits such still at whom we laugh: and I believe many laugh at such as are profane, as they do at such as they see slip and catch a fall, though never so dangerous. I regret in this vice, both to see sharp men so vicious, and so much wit so misemployed; for though we may say here that *materiam superabat opus*, yet such is the abjectness and worthlessness of the matter, that it is not capable of ornament, no more than excrements are to be admired, though they were gilded, and carved out

by the most curious hand; and their wit is at least to be charged with this error, that it chooses not subjects worthy of their pains; for whereas the quaintness of fancy doth, when employed about indifferent subjects, beget its masters respect; and when upon excellent admiration, all that it can do here, is but to excuse the faults it makes; and so at least is so beggarly an employment, that it is scarce able to defray its own charges. I account him no wit who cannot deserve that name, though he be barred any one subject, especially such a subject as obscenity is; wherein former traffickers have beeen so numerous, and so vacant from other employments, that as nothing which is excellent, so little that is new can be said upon it; and what is said, is transmitted from ear to ear, with so much of secrecy, that as no historian will write it, so fewer will know it, than will know any of these witty productions of learning, or moral philosophy, which all men indifferently desire to read and repeat: whereas this will be altogether suppressed from succeeding ages; and of the present, ladies, statesmen, lawyers, divines, and physicians, are not allowed to give it audience. I have heard women, though loose, say, that they loved none of these who publish their shame, though they satisfied their lust; and that such did often eva-

porate their lust in these railleries, or design to supply their defects in such discourses. And I know that lacquies or bawds, will be more accurate in that kind of eloquence, than the noblest of such as use it, (if any who are noble use it at all). Men must either think women great cheats, in loving what they weep and blush at; or else they are very cruel, in tormenting their ears with so grating sounds. And if women be such excellent creatures, as mens' oaths and compliments make them, certainly obscenity must be a mean vice, seeing of all others, such decry it most: for compliance with whom, it is strange that these who offer to die, will not much rather abandon a piece of imaginary wit, and which passeth not even for such, but among these who are scarce competent judges. It is most unbeseeming a gentleman, for such as frequent ladies, to spend so much time in studying a kind of wit, that not only cannot be serviceable, but which cannot in any case be acceptable or recreative to these lovely persons; for whose divertisement and satisfaction, even those obscene ranters do pretend that they employ all their time and pains; and whom they will doubtless at some occasions offend, by slipping into one of these criminal expressions, which custom will so familiarize, that it will be as impossible for them to abstain, as it

will be for these others to hear what is so spoke without trouble and dissatisfaction. Such as have their noble souls busied about great matters, find little time to invent expressions, or mould thoughts concerning such pitiful subjects. And I appeal to the worst of these, if they do not abominate such as are in history noted for obscenity; and if they would not hate any, who would adorn their funeral harangue with no other praises but that they were so wittily profane, that they would force ladies to blush, debauchees to laugh, statesmen to undervalue them, and chase divines from their table.

Avarice is so base a vice, that the term *sordid* is improperly used in morality, when it is otherwise applied; and by terming one a *noble person*, we intend to signify, that he is liberal: this is that vice, which by starving great designs, hinders them to grow up to their full dimensions. None will carry about dismembered bodies, and wear scars in their service, nor gain victories for these, whose avarice will so little reward their pains, that they oftimes refuse to supply these necessities which were contracted in their own employments. No great man hath both the hearts and the purses of his inferiors. And few have been famous or prosperous, but such as have been as ready to bestow riches upon their

friends, as they have been ready to take spoil from their enemies. Themistocles finding himself tempted to look upon a great treasure, blushed at his error; and turning to his servant, said, *Take thou that money, for thou art not* Themistocles. Rome then begun to be jealous of Cæsar's greatness, when he begun to put the army in his debt. It was said of that noble Duke of Guise, that he was the greatest usurer in France; for he laid out his estate in obligations. And Tacitus observes, that Vespasian had equalled the greatest of the Roman heroes, if his avarice had not lessened his other virtues: which is the observation made by Philip de Comines, upon Lewis the XI. of France. Perseus, out of love to his treasures, lost both his kingdom and these; being as a punishment to his avarice, led in triumph in the company of his coffers by a Roman general, who gloried, and is yet famous for having died almost a beggar. The world love esteem, and follow such as are liberal; historians celebrate their names; soldiers fight their battles; and their beadsmen importune heaven for success to their arms; but no man can have a kindness for such as will prefer to them a little stamped earth; or value no obligations but these which bind to a paying of money. And it is well concluded by the

world, that no vast soul can restrict all its thoughts to that employment, which is the task of porters and cobblers. In this vice we make our souls to serve our riches; whereas in its opposite virtue, riches, and every thing else, (whose price these may be,) are by such as are truly liberal, subjected to the meanest employment, to which the soul can think them conducive. And the soul is too noble and well appointed an apartment, to be filled with coffers, bags, and such like trash, which even these, who value them most, hoard up in their darkest and worst furnished rooms: and such as are liberal are the masters (for it belongs to these only to spend), whereas the avaricious are in effect but their cash-keepers; who have the power to keep, but not the allowance to spend what is under their custody. I am confident, that Zeno is more famous (and to be rich serves for nothing else) for throwing away his money, when it begun to trouble his nobler thoughts, than Crœsus whose mountainous treasures served only to bribe a more valiant prince to destroy them and him. And Marcus Crassus, the richest Roman, was so far undervalued by Julius Cæsar, that he said, he would make himself richer in one hour, than these riches could their master; which came accordingly to pass, when by his liberality

he gained the Roman soldiery; and they gained for him the empire of that world, whereof Crassus's estate was but a small one, though his avarice made it a great spot in him. This vice implies a present sense of want, and a fear of future misery, to be hoarding up what serves for nothing else, except to prevent, or supply us in these conditions. But noble spirits, who design fame and conquests, virtue and religion, raise their thoughts above this low vice; and design not to gain riches, but men, who are masters of these; and with whom when gained, they can soon bring all things to their devotion: and therefore in point of honour we are obliged to hate avarice, and cherish liberality.

Though treason cheats with fair hopes of glory and advancement; and at least this vice pretends to have whole woods of laurels at its disposal; yet the most *ordinary* preference it gains men, is the being first amongst fools and vicious persons, for they are then wronging both that honour they possess, and that to which they aspire; when they by their usurpation learn others how sweet it is to rebel against their superiors: and such as employ the commons against their sovereign, must expect to allow them greater liberty than suits with the honour of governors; and must style themselves the servants of the

people. How meanly must these flatter that unreasonable crew? Swear friendship with such as have wronged their honour? Lie, dissemble, cheat, beg; meet in dark corners with their associates; and suffer so much toil and misery, as wants nothing but the nobleness of the quarrel to make them martyrs? It is not safe for any man in point of honour, to undertake designs wherein it is probable he will fail, and wherein if he fail, it is most certain that his honour will suffer: and there is no crime wherein men are more like to fail, than in this; the rabble whom they employ, being as uncertain, as they are a furious instrument: and like the elephant, ready still to turn head against such as employ them in battle: and who will trust the promise of these leaders, (for without large promises, rebellion can never be effectuate,) who in these promises are betraying their own allegiance? And such as these employ, will (at least may) consider, that how soon they have effectuate these treacherous designs; they will either disdain the instruments as useless, or destroy them as dangerous and as such, who by this late experience, are abler to ruin them, than they were their predecessors. And when such traitors are disappointed of their designs, they are laughed at as fools; for nothing but success can clear them from that imputation;

and exposed to all the ludibry, and thereafter to the tortures of enemies; who cannot but be violent executioners, seeing their ruin was sought by the rebellion. Is there any thing more ignoble than ingratitude? And these traitors are ingrate; seeing none can pretend to those arts, but such as have been by the bounty of these, against whom they rebel, advanced to that height, which hath made them giddy; and to that favour with the people, upon which they bottom their hopes. And do not men and story talk more advantageously of footmen and slaves who have relieved their masters, than of the greatest of such as have rebelled against their princes? All mankind being concerned to magnify that wherein their own safety is concerned; and to decry these arts whereby their ruin is sought. That same people who cut Sejanus in as many pieces as he had once favourites, did raise a statue to Pompey's slave, for staying by the carcase of his dead master. And as Alexander hanged Bessus, who had betrayed to him his master; Spitamenes and Antigonus caused to massacre these Higerspides, who had betrayed the gallant Eumenes. So Charles the Ninth of France, did refuse to punish such as had opposed him, when he was in rebellion; for, said he, Such as have been faithful to the king against

me, when I was but Duke of Orleans, will be faithful to me, when I am raised from being Duke of Orleans, to be King of France.

Inconstancy is likewise an ignoble vice, seeing it shows, that either men were foolish in their first choice, or that they were foolish in relinquishing it; it shows, that men are too much subject to the impressions of others; and small or light things are these which are soonest blown off from their first stations: whereas virtuous and constant persons do show their greatness in the impossibility of their being removed. This vice likewise is unfit for such as design great matters, seeing no party will care much to gain such for friends, whom they cannot retain; and when they tell you that such are not worth their pains, they tell you how mean an esteem they put upon inconstancy. All affairs in the world are subject to change; and it is most certain that some occasion or other will somewhat raise all parties. To be constant then to any one, will gain him who is fixed, the honour of being sure to his friends, which will magnify him amongst such as are in difference, and procure him respect even from his enemies; who will admire him for that quality, which by insuring their own friends to them, will advantage their interest more than they can be prejudged by him, as their enemy,

how considerable soever he be. Augustus' greatness cannot persuade the world to pardon him this fault; nor can Cato's severity, nor self-murder, dissuade them from admiring that constancy, which had as much extraordinary gallantry in it as may be a remission for his crime: besides, that it made Cæsar (even when his victories had raised him to his greatest height and vanity) regret the losing an opportunity to gain so great a person.

There is amongst many others one effect of inconstancy, which I hate, as mean, and unworthy of a gentleman; and that is, to alter friendships upon every elevation of fortune; as if (forsooth) men were raised so high, that they cannot, from these pinnacles, know such whom they have left upon the first level. But really this implies a weakness of sight in them, and no imperfection in their friends, upon whom they cast down their looks, and who continue still of their first stature, though the others eyes continue not to possess the same clearness. A generous person should not entertain so low thoughts of himself, as to think what is the gift of another, can add so much to his intrinsic value, as to make him confess in the undervaluing of his former friends, the meanness of his own parts, and former condition: and he obstructs extremely his own greatness, who ob-

liges his friends, to stop and retard it; as what may be disadvantageous to their interest, by robbing them of so rare an advantage as is a friend. Whereas the noblest trial of power is, to be able to raise these whom men honoured formerly with that title; for by this, others will be invited to depend upon them; and they may thereby justify their former choice; and let the world see, that they never entered upon any friendship that was mean or low. Friendship, the greatest of commanders, hath commanded us to stay by our friend; and he who quits the post assigned to him, is either cowardly, or a fool; and a gentleman should think it below his courage, as well as his friendship, to be boasted from a station which he thought so advantageous, out of either fate or interest: which recommends much to me that gallant rant in Lucan, when after he had preferred Cato to other men, he in these words extols him above the gods:—

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The gods did the victorious approve,
But the great Cato did the vanquished love.

But least my tediousness should make the constancy I plead for, seem a vice, I shall say no more of a subject, whereof I can never say enough.

Drunkenness is so mean a vice, that I scorn

to take notice of it; knowing that none will allow it, but such as are mad; and such as are mad are not to be reclaimed by moral discourses. Yet I cannot but press its meanness from this, that though Noah was a person of the greatest authority, his once being drunk is remarked in Scripture, to have made him despicable in the eyes even of his own children; (whom he had also lately obliged to a more than natural respect, by saving them from that deluge, which drowned the rest of mankind in their sight). And yet he might have excused himself more than those of this age; as knowing not the strength of that new found wine: and having been drunk but once, might have defended himself by curiosity, which too few now can allege. It is a mean and mad compliment, to requite the kindness of such as come to visit us, with forcing them (after the weariness of travel) to drink to such excess, that they commit and speak such follies, as make them return home from that strange place, without being remarked for any thing else, than the ridiculous expressions they vomited up with their stinking excrements. Why are servants turned out of doors, and each man (which is very mean) obliged to serve himself, when men enter upon that beastly employment? Is it not, that servants may not hear, or see what extravagancies

are there to be committed? And is it not an ignoble part in persons of honour, to do resolutely what they dare not own before the meanest who attend them? Men by this vice bring themselves to need their servants' legs to walk upon, and their eyes to see by; but which is worse, they must be governed at that time by the servile discretion of such, who will be emboldened by this, to undervalue both them and their commands; and these masters are accounted wisest, who do most submissively follow their directions. Judge if that exercise can be noble, which in disabling us to serve our friends, make us incapable to discern the favours they do us; and measures its disadvantages by this, that when men have their senses benighted with the vapours of wine, they are thereby unfitted to lead armies, to assist at councils, to sit in judicatories, to attend ladies; and differ nothing from being dead, but that they would be much more innocent if they were so. Men are then very ready to attack unjustly the honour of others, and most unable to defend their own; and such as they wrong then, do with a scornful mercy pardon their failings, with the very same disdain which makes them forgive fools or furious persons; and that, in my judgment, should be the most touching of all affronts. And if we esteem roots according

to the prettiness of the flowers they display, (as if they would give a grateful account to the sun, of what its warmness has produced,) certainly we will find drunkenness (as the Apostle speaks of avarice) the root of all bitterness. For this is that vice, which keeps men at present from attending such of their own, and of their friends' interests, as concern most their fame: and as to the future, begets such diseases and indispositions, as makes their bodies unfit instruments for great achievements. And seeing to talk idly, (a character so unworthy, that a gentleman would scarce suffer another to give it of him, without hazarding his life in the revenge,) is the most pardonable of its errors, its other madness must be beyond all remission. By this, men are brought to disgorge the deepest buried secrets; to reveal the intimacies, or asperse the names of ladies; to enter upon foolish quarrels; and the next morning either to abjure what they said, or fight unjustly their comrades; and victory is not in that case rewarded with fame, but is tainted with the aspersion of drunken quarrel; and is not ascribed to courage, but to necessity.

I confess, whoring is in this a more extensive vice than others; that it corrupts still two at once, for no man can sin so alone: but drinking (as if it scorned not to be the greatest vice) does sur-

pass it in another quality; which is, that one vicious person can force or tempt whole tables and companies to be drunk with him. And if great men should be known to love this vice, all such as have need to accost them, would be in danger, either by complacency or interest, to plunge themselves into this miserable excess. In other vices, men bebauch only their own rational souls; but here men add to that, the ingratitude of employing against God and nature, these rents and estates, which were kept by prudence from more pious persons, that great men might by that testimony of his kindness, be engaged to a religious retribution. So that such as employ their estates in maintaining their drunkenness, commit almost the same sacrilege with Belteshazzar, who was terrified by a miraculous hand upon the wall, delivering his fatal sentence, for carousing with his nobles in the sacred vessels that were robbed from the temple of Jerusalem.

My employment, as well as philosophy, obliges me to implead injustice as the worst of vices; because it wrongs the best of men, and the best of things; the best of men, seeing they have still the best of pleas; and so injustice can only reach them; and these will not by flattery, bribing, or cheats, conciliate the esteem of such as have a

latitude, to return them this unjust advantage; which good men neither need, nor will accept. Injustice likewise debauches the laws, which is the best of things; and in affronting whereof, of all others, great men are (when guilty) most ungreat; because it is their guardian and fence, by which they exact respect and treasures from others; and without which such magistrates who are unjust, could not escape these hourly massacres, which a robbed and oppressed people would pour upon them. And though such as are generally unjust, intend thereby to compliment their friends, to repay old favours; yet in effect this requital is as base, as if one should rob a church, to pay his particular debts. He is not worthy of your friendship, who will expect such returns: and virtue is not like vice, so penurious or poor, as that it cannot build upon any other foundation than the ruins of another. Such as intend by their injustice to gain esteem from the party advantaged thereby, are much mistaken; for though they should gain the esteem thereby of one, yet they would lose that of many thousands; and he who is wronged will disclose the injustice done him, more than the other dare brag of the favour. And I have myself heard, even the gainer hate and undervalue his unjust patron, loving not the traitor but the treason;

considering, that by that precedent, himself was laid open to more hazard, than he thereby reaped of advantage; for that same injustice which censured him of his late conquest, made him unsure both of it, or all that he had or should gain thereafter. And to be unjust for a bribe, is as mean, as to serve in the worst of employments for a fee; it is to be as base as a thief, and less noble than a robber; and it deserves all these base reproaches that are due to avarice, lying, flattery, ingratitude, treachery, and perjury; all which are sharers in this caper when it prospers, and when it prospers not, it leads to the ignoble ports, infamy, poverty, the scaffold, pillory, or gibbets.

Though my having usurped so far upon the reader's patience, makes all I can say for the future criminal, yet such respect I owe, and such I bear to the memory of those noble patriots, who have by their public spiritedness, settled for us that peace, whose native product all our joys are, that I cannot but recommend that protecting virtue to such as live now, for the noblest ornament of a great soul; and if our actions be specified and measured by their objects, certainly those souls must be accounted greatest, which centre all their cases upon the public good; scorning to wind up their designs upon so small

a bottom, as is private interest. By this, the heathens became gods, and christians do by it (which is more) resemble theirs. This is the task of kings and princes; whereas private interest is the design of churls and cobblers: who can so justly expect universal praise, as those who design universal advantage? And none will grudge, that riches should be carried into his treasures, who keeps them but as Joseph did his corn, in granaries, till others need to have their necessities supplied.

These are deservedly styled *Patres Patriæ;* and it is accounted moral parricide, to wound the reputation of such as the commonwealth terms its parents. And when these treasures which private interest have robbed from the public, shall after they stained the acquirer with the names of avarice and cruelty, invite posterity to recall them from his offspring as not due to them; then such as have, like providence, toiled only for the good of their country and mankind, shall find their fame, like medals, grow still the more illustrious, by all accessions of time; and that the new born generations shall augment the number of their admirers, more than following years can moulder away these heaps of coin, which avaricious men raised as a monument for their memory. Epaminondas is more famous

and admired than Crœsus; and fame may be better believed concerning him, seeing he left neither gold nor money to bribe from it a suffrage. And, albeit, he was so busied in raising the glory of his country, that he had no time to gain as much money, as to raise the meanest for his own; yet we find him at no loss thereby, seeing each Theban assisted at his funeral as a mourner: and nature lays it as a duty upon all whom it brings to the world, to magnify him who endeavoured to resemble it, in the universalities of his favours. That glorious Roman, who threw himself into the devouring gulph, to divert the wrath of the gods from his country, did, in exchange of a few years (which he might have lived) add an eternity of fame to his age; and by the gloriousness of that action, has buried nothing in that gulf, but his personal faults. And Brutus, by dying for his country, is not more justly called the last of Romans, than he may be called the first of men; and for my part, I think that he sacrificed Cæsar rather as a victim to his injured country, than to his private malice. For as Mr. Cowley well remarks; the pretext of friendship can be no reason, why a man should suffer without resentment, his mother to be violated before his eyes. Paul likewise, whom grace had raised as much above these, as reason had

raised these above others, was so zealous in this virtue, that after he had known the joys of heaven more intimately than others, who had not like him travelled through all these starry regions, yet such was his affection to his country, that he was content to have his name expunged out of the book of life, that room might be made for theirs. But if men will love nothing but what will advance their private interest, they will at least, upon this score, love their country, because, when it becomes famous, they will share in the advantage; as the being a Roman was sufficient to make one terrible when Rome flourished. And I imagine, that it was sufficient to incite one of that glorious republic, to undertake, or suffer the hardest of things, to remember him that he was a Roman; and at all times the unacquainted still esteem us, according to the presumptions they can gather, from our country, race, and education. For besides that a hawk of a good nest is still preferred, we see, that example and emulation, are the strongest motives that can either induce, or enable men to be noble and valorous; and though some term this but fancy; yet granting it were no more, it is such a fancy as tends much to our honour; because it heightens in others a fear of us, and lessens in us the fear of them. I may then conclude with this; that as the rays of the

sun are accounted a more noble light than any that is projected from a private candle, so amongst souls, those are the most excellent which respect most the advantage of others.

I confess there are some vices, which by shrouding themselves under the appearance of good, do advance themselves too far in ill-governed esteems; as we see in ambition and revenge; yet to our severer inquiries it will appear, that *ambition* is ignoble; seeing such as desire to be promoted, confess the meanness of that state they press to leave. This vice obliges men to serve such as advance its designs, exchanging its present liberty, for but the uncertain expectation of commanding others; and paying greater respects to superiors for this expectation, than it will be able to exact from those whom it designs to subject. What is advancement but the people's livery? And such as expect their happiness from them, must acknowledge that the rabble is greater and nobler than themselves: and by exchanging their natural happiness, for that which is of its bestowing, they confess their own to be of the least value; for no man will exchange for what is worse. A courtier admiring the philosopher gathering his herbs, told him, That if he flattered the emperor, he needed not gather herbs; but was answered, That if he could satisfy him-

self with herbs, he needed not flatter the emperor ; and without doubt flattery infers more dependence, than gathering of herbs. And in the dispute for liberty, Diogenes had the advantage of the Stagyrite, when he told him, Diogenes did dine when it pleased Diogenes; but Aristotle not till it pleased Alexander.

Vanity is too airy a vice to be noble; for it is but a thin crust of *pride;* and but a pretending *cadet* of that gallant sin: it is, I confess, less hurtful than pride, because it magnifies itself, without disparaging others; (for if we admire others when compared with ourselves, we are not vain, but proud,) and it is oft the spur to great actions; being to our undertakings, what some poisons are to medicines; which, though they be hurtful in a dose apart, yet make the compounds enter more operative and pointed. And I have heard some defend, that vanity was no sin; because, in admiring ourselves at a greater rate than we deserved, we, without detracting from our neighbour, heightened our debt to our Maker; which might be an error, but was no fault. But vanity, being an error in our judgment, it cannot but be mean, as all errors are ignoble: and he is a very fool (which is the ignoblest of names) who understands not himself; he who understands not his own measures, cannot govern himself;

and so is unfit to govern others; and it is the employment of a great soul, rather to do things worthy to be admired, than to admire what himself hath done. But leaving to pursue the crowd of its ill effects, I shall single out some of these I judge most enemies to true gallantry; amongst which, I scruple not to prefer in meanness, the being *vain of prosperity*, and *derived power:* which shows, that we prefer and admire more what others can bestow, than what we possess ourselves; whereas virtuous persons may justly think, that nothing can make them greater; and to be vain of prosperity, shows we cannot bear it; and so concludes us under a weakness; to take advantages of others, when we are more powerful than they, is as base, as it is for an armed man to force his enemy to fight, when he has no weapon: this is cowardliness not courage; and who defers not his revenge till his rival be equal with him, implies a fear of grappling upon equal terms. That *one* expression, of one of the kings of France, That he scorned when he was king of France, to remember the wrongs done to the duke of Orleans, makes his name grateful in history: and if great men would reflect seriously, how a word from him they serve, (though but a man, who must himself yield oftimes to a mean disaster,) or

how the least error in their own conduct, can overturn the fixedst of their endeavours; and make them, in being unfortunate, ridiculous withal; certainly they would call this presumption rather madness than vanity; and would conclude it more gallant, to bear adversity with a generous courage, than to be a fool or flattered by prosperity; which vanquishes as oft these for whom, as these against whom it fights.

Neither can I leave this period, till I inveigh against that meanest of vanities, whereby men are vain of estates and territories: for, seeing man is born lord of all the world, why should he retrench his own right, by glorying in so little a part of it that his share will escape an exact geographer. I wish such would remember, that Pompey bestowed kingdoms upon his slaves; and yet Epictetus, who was a slave, is more admired than he; and yet admired for nothing but his virtue; and why should men be proud of enjoying that, upon which the meanest beggar pours out his excrements: if these be vain, because they may call it their own, what hath the master, but that (as Solomon says) he beholdeth it with his eyes? And at this rate I may glory, in that the glorious heavens are spread over me; for I may behold the one with as impropriating eyes as he can do the other. And he who wants a tomb, which

these have, hath the heaven for a vault and burying place;—*Cœlo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*

But if the answer be, that these rents will allow them the keeping of a table for their grandeur (which I wish were the only excuse), that answer makes them servants, and burdens them with a necessity to provide for such as they entertain; and so they are vain of being servants, and servants to such as will rise from their table to read and admire above them, Plato, Socrates, or, which is less, the author of a well-contrived play. But to leave this folly,—these may have some pretext for preferring their own estates above those of others, but why should they admire themselves for their estates? Which is no part of themselves, and so they should not in reason think better of themselves than others for it. Under the same condemnation fall such as are vain of their horses, lacqueys, or such-like things, which is most unjust, except their horses and they were all one.

Such as crust themselves over with embroideries, and after they have divided their time betwixt their comb and their mirrors, are vain of these silly toys which are the creatures and workmanship of servants, must be certainly very low and mean-spirited, when they imagine to add to their natural value, by things that have no value

in them, but what our fancy (which is the most despicable quality of that soul they neglect) gives them. And do not they among the rest of mankind, disparage very much even these mistresses upon whom they bestow these adorations, which they deny their mighty Maker, when they imagine by such contemptible means, to screw themselves into their esteem? How ignobly undervalue they their own thoughts—the noble conversation of excellent men and accurate books (to write some whereof, Cæsar and the greatest of the emperors have laid aside their swords)—when they impend upon ribbons and laces, that age of time, which would be misemployed, though it were let but out in moments, upon such womanly exercise? But if ladies or their suitors will magnify these handsome shapes and colours, which are too often bestowed upon them, to repair the want of these noble qualities, of which those who are masters may be more justly vain, why are not they afraid, by whoring, fairding, drinking, gluttony, or macerating envy, to blast these florid advantages, upon which themselves do, and would have others to dote?

I must here endeavour to subdue one error; which is by so much the more dangerous, that it wears the fairest mask of all other vices: and this is that whereby men are induced to believe, that

true honour is but a consequent of preferment; and that preferment is seldom without honour; but honour comes never without preferment; and not only are the lees of the people taken with this opinion, but the gallantest of men, who are sphered far above those, do in this, slide easily into the sense of the neighbourhood. Yet it remains still an error; for true honour is an innate elevation of the soul, whereby it scorns every thing which is more mortal than himself: and nothing is more frail than preferment, whose paint is washed off by the least storm, and whose being depends upon the fancy or humour of others: whereas, true honour is independent; and, as it cannot flow from any other, so it cannot stoop to them. He is truly gallant, whose innocence fears not the jurisdiction of men; and who looks upon sceptres, and such gilded trifles as impertinent toys, when they are not swayed by the hand of virtue; and who would not value power for any other end, but to be a second to these inclinations, which are so reasonable, that they should not need power to make them to be obeyed! Tyrants can bestow the tallest preferments, but they cannot make men truly honourable; which shows that these two differ. And Heliogabolus' cook was still but a base fellow, though his master's doting made him as great as were his own vices.

A statue becomes not taller by the height of its basis; nor a head more wise or noble for being adorned with a shaggy plumage. Julius Cæsar, though no emperor, has a more lasting glory than Tiberius, who was so: and Cato gloried more in that the people asked why he was not preferred, than he would have done in enjoying the greatest honours they had to bestow. Preferment is but the creation of men; but true honour is of God's own creation; and as we should esteem this last, as a piece done by the nobler master, so we should love it best, because it is more our own, than what rises from another's favour. Greatness, when most advantageously bestowed, can but produce love or fear; to beget fear is not noble, because the Devil doth this most; and these who come next to him in baseness, come nearest to him in this; brutes, savages, and madmen, have sufficiency enough for that undertaking: but to beget love is peculiar to true honour; and so generous a passion is love, that it is soonest elicit, when least commanded. A virtuous person is likewise a greater governor, than he who suffers himself to be commanded by a vicious woman, and a thirsty appetite; or than that king who suffers himself to be led by the ears with flatterers, and to be forced by his own pride to

disobey his reason, by which alone he is truly great; and which when any man disowns absolutely, he is to be thrown into a dungeon or bedlam. Preferment leaves and obliges us to bow to others for satisfying our interest; so that interest is confessed by great men to be greater than they: but virtue and true honour teacheth us to subject our interest to ourselves, and puts it in our own power to make ourselves happy. And what a pilot is in the ship, a general in an army, the soul in the body, that is a philosopher amongst these with whom he converses. *Nec enim unquam in tantum sic convalescet nequitia; nunquam sic contra virtutes conjurabitur; ut non virtutis nomen venerabile et sacrum maneat.—Sen. Epist.* 14. To which purpose I must cite *Stat. Silv.*

> Vive Mide gazis, et Lido ditior auro,
> Troica et Euphrate supra diademata felix,
> Quem non ambigui fasces non mobile vulgus,
> Spemque metumque domas, vitio sublimior omni.
> Exemptus fatis.

In revenge, we must use instruments who exact more and will upbraid us more than the law will do when it satisfies us our wrongs. And does not the philosopher, who denies that he can be wronged, more nobly than he who confesses, that he is both subject to wrongs and

hath received so great a one, that he cannot but pursue his revenge? He who conceals his wrongs, is only wronged in private, whilst he who revenges his wrong, is wronged in public; and certainly the public wrong is more ignoble. And, seeing we conceive ourselves concerned in honour to punish such as would divulge an affront that was smothered as soon as given, we cannot be said to wrong our own honour, when we in seeking revenge proclaim such wrongs as had else either vanished or been lessened by the concealment; which remembers me of a story that goes of an old man, at whose bald head a rotten orange being thrown in the street, clapt his hat upon it, and said, I shall spoil the villain's sport, who expected me to come showing my head all besmeared over, and complaining of the injury. It is one of the most picquant revenges, to undervalue our enemies so far as not to think them worthy of our noticing; and we show ourselves to be greater than they, when we let the world see that they cannot trouble us. When children and fools do the same things that we fret at in others of more advanced years, we pass them without a frown; which shows, that it is not the acts done us by our enemies, but our own resentment, which in effect injures us; so that it is still in our power to vex such

as design to affront us, by laughing at, or undervaluing these, and such-like little endeavours, as what cannot reach our happiness. He who pardons, proclaims that by so doing he fears not his enemies for the future; but revenge implies a fear of what we desire upon that account to lessen. Thus cowards, and none but they, are cruel; seeing they then only account themselves secure when their enemies have lost all capacity to resist. In revenge, we act the executioner, but we personate a prince when we pardon; in the one we bestow a favour, and so are noble, but in the other we disclose our infirmity, which is ignoble.

I admire passive courage, as a virtue which deserves its palms best of all others, because it toils most for them. Honours and rewards are but gifts to them, but they are conquests to it; and it merits as much praise as it meets with injuries. *Avida est periculi virtus, et quo tendant non quid passura sit, cogitat; quoniam et quod passura est; gloriæ pars est:*—This virtue hath rather a greediness for, than a desire to find dangers; and seeing its sufferings make the greatest part of its glory, it runs out to meet them, thinking that to attend them is a degree of cowardliness. And if we remark narrowly, we will find that all other virtues owe their gal-

lantry to this, and have no other title to that glorious quality but in so far as they borrow excellencies from it. Friendship is then only gallant, when to gratify our friends we expose to injuries for them either our persons or interest. Gratitude is then noble, when we consider not what we are to suffer, but what we owe, or (which is more gallant) what is requisite for the service of such as have obliged us. Justice is always excellent, but is then only most to be admired, when we resist temptations, and where we resolve to suffer, for having been just, the envy and rage of these, who consider only how much they have been prejudged, but not how much the public good hath been thereby advanced.

But thus it is that a virtuous person shows how great he truly is; and that power and command were the instruments only, but not parts of his former worth. He who yields to affliction, shows that those who inflict it are greater than himself, but he who braves it, shows that it is not in the power of any thing but of guilt to make him tremble. It is easy for one who is assisted by power and fate to urge these advantages, but to dare these, shows a pitch beyond them; and this induces me to think, that passive courage is more noble than what is active.

For one who fights gallantly in an open field, and in the view or front of an army, is assisted by the example of others, by hope of revenge, or victory, and needs not much fear that death which he may shun as probably as meet; but he who in a noble quarrel adorns that scaffold whereupon he is to suffer, evinces that he can master fate, and make danger less than his courage, and to serve him in acquiring fame and honour. But this virtue deserves a larger room than my present weariness will allow it in this paper, and therefore I will leave it for praises to its own native excellencies.

I shall (my lords and gentlemen) leave these reflections to your own improvement; for I am confident, that the heat of your own zeal for virtue, will kindle in your breasts such noble flames, as that by their blaze ye may see further into this subject than I can discover: and in this essay I desire to be esteemed no otherwise presumptuous, than a servant is, who lights his master up these stairs which himself intends to mount.

A

MORAL PARADOX:

MAINTAINING THAT IT IS MUCH EASIER TO BE VIRTUOUS THAN VICIOUS.

——*They weary themselves to commit iniquity*.—JER. ix. 5.

AS these spies deserved ill of the Israelitish camp (Numb. xiii.); who having inflamed their breasts with desires of conquering Canaan, by presenting them of its vines, who each cluster was a vintage, and each grape a bottle; did thereafter, by a cruel parricide, destroy these same inclinations which they had begot, by telling these their hopeful brethren, That the country was as unconquerable, as pleasant; and that its men were giants, as well as its fruits. So by the same measures we have reason to fear, that

these divines and moralists are unhappy guides to us poor mortals; who after they have edged our inclinations for virtue, as the most satisfying of all objects, do thereafter assure us, that it is attended with as much difficulty as it is furnished with pleasure; and that like some coy lady, it possesses charms, not to satisfy, but to exact our longings. This unfortunate error hath in all probability, sprung either from the vanity of these bastard philosophers, who have cheated the people into an esteem for themselves, as virtuous, resolved by the second artifice, to heighten that esteem, by persuading these their admirers, that virtue was a work of much difficulty, as it met with praise; or else from the zeal of some preachers, who to make us antedate our repentance, resolved to persuade us, that faith and these other spiritual virtues, could not but be hardly attainable, as certainly they are, when moral virtue, which was a lower story of perfection, was of so difficult an ascent; or else, which is yet most probable, our laziness and vicious habits being called to an account for these misfortunes, which they occasion, have run themselves under the protection of this defence, That virtue is most difficult and uneasy, and is destitute of both pleasure and advantage: by which conceit, many are dissuaded in this age from undertaking a re-

solution of being virtuous, though otherwise they much honour it; and wickedness is not only furnished by this with an excuse to detain such as it hath already overtaken, but with charms to entangle these who are yet stated in an indifferency for either. And though the heat of zeal in preachers, should not be too much disproved in this age; wherein the coldness of their hearers' charity, needs those warmer influences: and though they may be allowed to bend our crooked humours to the contrary side of what they incline to, of design to bring them to a desired straightness; yet if we consider that infallible theology, delivered by our Saviour, we may find, that He invited His disciples, by assuring them, *That his yoke was easy, and his burden very light;* and by upbraiding them, for *wearying themselves with their sins*, and for *troubling themselves about many things*. And since the former artifice hath either, by being too familiarly preached, lost its operation with such as love curiosity; or by being too severely prest, discouraged too much these who love too well their own flesh and blood, to welcome any doctrine that stands so opposite to it: I wish these same preachers would now endeavour to reclaim mankind, by assuring them, that virtue is much easier, and much more advantageous than vice; imita-

ting in this their great master, who after his disciples had wearied themselves with catching no fish all the night over, did, by persuading them to throw out their nets upon the other side of the boat, put them on the way of catching more at one draught, than they had catched in their former whole night's fishing. But leaving (with much resignation) my ghostly fathers to manage the course of our devotion, as their knowledge and piety shall judge most fit, I shall endeavour to clear from reason and experience, that *moral virtue* is of less weariness, and suits better with our natural inclinations, than vice or passion doth. And although I fail in an undertaking, which is too noble an enterprize to receive its accomplishment from so weak a hand, yet if I shall excite others, out of pity to me, or glory because of the subject, to defend what I could not, or to love that virtue which I recommend, I shall rest satisfied with a return, which because it will be above my merit, I have already placed above my expectation; and so I may meet with a foil, but cannot with a disappointment.

All creatures design ease; and for this not only brutes do toil, but inanimate things likewise show for it so much of inclination, that they will destroy all intermediate objects, that hinder

them for joining to their centre, to which they have no other tendency, but because they find that ease which is desired by their nature; and because all things find ease in it, therefore all things flee thither, as to the loveliest of all stations. And that happiness consists in ease, is clear from this—That either we want that we need, as the accomplishment of our nature, and then nature must move towards the acquisition of what it wants; or else we want nothing, and then nature will enjoy itself without any farther motion—*nam natura nihil agit frustra;* and it were most frustraneous for nature, to seek what it wants not: from which we may conclude, when we see any creature restless, and in motion, that certainly it either wants something to which it moves, or is oppressed by a surcharge of somewhat, from which it flies. This hath made philosophers conclude, That all motion tends to some rest; lawyers, That all debates respect some decision; statesmen, That all war is made in order to peace; physicians, That all fermentations or boiling of the blood or humours, betokens some dissatisfaction in the part affected, (and to show how much happiness they place in ease, they term all sickness diseases,) which imports nothing more than the absence of *ease*, that happiest of states, and root of all

perfections. And that divinity may sing a part in this requiem, scripture tells us, That God hallowed the seventh day, because upon it He rested from his creation; and that heaven is called an eternal Sabbath, because there we shall find ease from all our labours; there God is said, when well pleased, *to have savoured a sweet savour of rest;* and He recommends his own gospel as a burden that is easy. That then wherewith I shall task myself in this discourse, shall be to prove, *That Virtue is more easy than Vice.*

For clearing whereof, consider, that all men who design either honour, riches, or to live happily in the world, do either intend to be virtuous, or at least pretend it; these who resolve to destroy the liberties of the people, will style themselves keepers of their liberties; and such as laugh at all religion, will have themselves believed to be reformers; and of these too the pretenders have the difficultest part, for they must not only be at all that pains which is requisite in being virtuous, but they must superadd to these all the troubles that dissimulation requires; which certainly is a new and greater task than the other; and not only so, but these must over-act virtue, upon design to take off that jealousy, which because they are conscious to themselves to deserve, they therefore vex themselves to remove. Moses, the

first, and amongst the best of the reformers, was the meekest man upon the face of the earth; but Jehu, who was but a counterfeit zealot, drove furiously, and called up by-standers to see, what else he knew they had reason not to believe; and the justest of all Israel's chairmen, took not so much pains to execute justice, as Absalom, who is said to have staid as long in the gates of Jerusalem, as the sun staid above them, informing himself of all persons and affairs, though with as little design to redress their wrongs, as he showed much inclination to know them; and all this, that the people might be gained to be the instruments of his unnatural rebellion: and such is the laboriousness of these seeming copies of virtue, that in our ordinary conversation we are still jealous of such as are too studious to appear virtuous; though we have no other reason to doubt their sincerity, but what arises from their too great pains. From which we may conclude, that these who intend to be virtuous, have a much easier task than these pretenders have; because they have not their own conscience, nor the jealousness of others to wrestle against; and which is yet worse, these want that habit of virtue which renders all the pains of such as are really virtuous easy to them: and what is more difficult, than for these to act against custom,

which time renders a second nature; and which, as shall be said hereafter, is so prevalent as to facilitate to virtuous persons the hardest part of what virtue commands? Besides this, these dissemblers have a difficult part to act, seeing they act against their own inclination; which is to offer violence to nature, and the working not only without the help of that strongest of all seconds, but the toiling against it, and all the assistance it can give; which how great a torment it proves, appears from this, that such as have as much generosity as may entitle them to the name of man, will rather weary out the rage of torture, than injure their own inclinations. I imagine that Haman was much distressed, by being put to lead Mordecai's horse, in compliance with his master's command; and one who is obliged by that interest which makes him dissemble, to counterfeit a kindness for one whom he hates, or amit an applause of what he undervalues, is certainly by that necessity more cruciate, by a thousand stages, than such as intend upon a virtuous account to love the person, and really to praise that in him, which they are forced to commend; which is so far from being a torment, when it is truly virtuous, that real love makes him who has it, hungry of an occasion to show it, and to pursue all means for heightening that applause,

which torments the other. Consider what difficulty we find in going one way, whilst we look another, and with what hazard of stumbling that attempt is attended, and ye will find both much difficulty and hazard to wait on dissimulation; wherein we are tied to a double task; for we must do what we intend, because of our inclinations; and what we pretend, because of our profession; and if we fail in either, which is more probably, than where simplicity only is professed, (two tasks being difficulter than one,) then the world laughs at us, for failing in what we proposed; and if we fret at ourselves, for failing in what we privately designed. And not only does dissimulation tie us to a double, but it obliges us to two contrary tasks; for we needed not dissemble, if what we intend be not contrary to what we pretend: and thus men in dissimulation do but (like Penelope) undo in the night, what they were forced to do in the daytime.

Dissimulation makes vice likewise the more difficult, in that dissemblers are never able to recover the loss they sustain by one escape; for if they be catched in their dissimulation, or dogged out to be impostors, (which they cannot miss, but by a more watchful attendance than any that virtue requires,) then they of all persons are most hated; not only by these

whom they intended to cheat, but by all others, though unconcerned in the crime; and both the one and the other do yet hate it, as what strikes at the root of all human society; and for this cause, murder under trust is accounted so impious and sacrilegious a breach of friendship, that lawyers have heightened its punishment from that of ordinary murder, to that of treason; and the grossest politicians have confest this dissimulation to be so horrid a crime, that it was not to be committed for a less hire than of a kingdom: whereas virtuous persons have their escapes oftener pitied than punished; both because these escapes are imputed to no abiding habit, and because it is not to be feared that they will offend for the future; seeing what they last failed in, was not the effect of any innate and permanent quality, but was but a transient and designless frailty.

Dissimulation is from this, likewise, more painful than virtue, which it emulates, that the dissembler is obliged not only so to dissemble, as that these whom he intends to cheat, may believe him serious, but so, likewise, as that others may understand that he is not serious. Thus I have myself seen a gentleman, who dissembled a love and fondness for one whom he was obliged to persuade that she was his mistress, act so covertly

that perfidious part, that his real mistress was really jealous that he dissembled with her, and not with the other; and to remove this, put the gallant to as much new pains as his former cheat had cost him. And I have heard of the like accidents, though in different actions;—as of a rebel, who counterfeited loyalty so, that his complices did really distrust his fixedness to these damned principles which he still retained. And in ordinary conversation ye will often find, that in dissembling with the one party, ye lose still the other; and it is impossible to regain them who are so lost, but by a shameful discovery of the former cheat: and after all that loss, this doubt is still left,—How can I know but this man dissembles with me, who is so exquisite in that art, as even to have made me jealous, that his dissimulation was not counterfeit?

Let us a little consider how few instruments virtue requires, and we will find it easy to be virtuous; it requires no arms, exchequer, guards, nor garrison; it is all these to itself, in every sense wherein it needs them. Whereas, vice is a burden to its votaries, as well in the abundance of those attendants which it requires, as in the difficulty of those attainments which it proposes. And this is that happy topic from which our wise Saviour reproved Martha, when

He told her, *That she wearied herself about many things, whereas there was one thing necessary.* By which, seeing he commended devotion, I may well press from it the excellency of moral virtue. The ambitious man is obliged to have his house planted with a wood of partizans, as well to secure that condition which so many envy and rival, as to magnify himself by so unequalled attendance. This desire to command, made Hannibal force a passage through the rocky Alps,—Cæsar to commit himself to the mercy of a stormy sea, and so many weary journeys: —this obliged Xerxes to entertain vast navies, and Darius such armies, as reduced all mankind into one incorporation. And so much doth ambition tie its dependers to depend upon such numbers, that though that army of lacqueys which attend them signifies no more than so many following cyphers, yet the subtracting of any of these doth by so much lessen the value of what they follow. Doth not pride require flatterers, and those flatterers salaries, and the provision of those salaries much pains and anxiety? —Doth not it require precedency?—A suitable estate and applause?—And are not these inattainable, without more toil and fatigue than any thing that virtue enjoins? Covetousness requires assiduous drudgery, and mines as bot-

tomless as the desires which crave them; it craves every thing which itself can imagine. Luxury seeks only after what is unusual, and what is rare: it must, in Apicius, crave food from the Indies,—fetch to Rome, in Heliogabalus, fishes when far from the sea,—and more for one belly, than might enrich thousands of nobler creatures. Lust requires plurality of women, abundance of strength, numbers of pimps, and much money; whereas virtue craves only what is fit, and persuades us to believe that only to be fit which is absolutely necessary. Cato's table is completely furnished with one dish, and his body with one vesture:

Huic equilæ vicisse famem.

And the philosopher, going by well and rich furnished shops, could cry out with pleasure,—Oh! how many things are there of which I stand not in need! Not only are these many instruments troublesome, because they are superfluous, but likewise because by their number they add to these natural necessities, under which even virtuous men are weighed, as long as they are men. These who have so numerous families, cannot remove when their necessity calls them; but they must expect till their retinue be

ready; and when these are prepared, it is no easy clog to draw so many after them; or when any misfortune overtakes any of these many, they must suffer in these as oft as each of these suffers in themselves; and their miseries are augmented by every new increment that is added to their fortunes. A great treasure is not only an enticement to make its master be assaulted, or betrayed, but is likewise uneasy to be transported; and Crœsus' many bags are overtaken, when moneyless Solon escapes with safety. I shall then conclude—That virtue is easier than vice, because it requires fewer instruments.

Virtue is likewise easy, because it is fitted for all places and occasions; whereas vice is stinted to select ones. One may be just every where; but bribing requires opportunity, meditation of others, and that these others be dexterous in the conveyance, and close as to their humour. Adultery must busy itself to find a convenient room; it requires the husband's absence—a faithful, and yet a faithless servant; and albeit with the concourse of these provisions, it may attain its aim oftener than it is fit, yet will it want that satisfaction oftener than it wishes: whereas chastity is circumscribed by no such

limits; but it is as free as pure, depending upon nothing that is extrinsic, and debtor for its happiness to nothing that is not itself.

I cannot here but reproach vice for tying us, not only to place, times, and numbers of instruments, but, which is worse, for referring all our endeavours to designs that are either unfeasible in themselves, or, at best, do become so because of our fancy or excess. Vanity is not satisfied without applause from others; which being an act of their free-will who bestow it, doth therefore depend upon their election: whereas virtue is satisfied with its own testimony; and is satisfied with nothing that others say, except it be bottomed upon what they are conscious to themselves to deserve. Advancement proceeds not from him who desires it, but he must expect it from another; and no man can satisfy his own lust. O then, happy virtue! who art thy own treasure and expectation, thou alone mayest dote upon thyself, without a fault; and in thee only, self-love is no way criminal: whereas vice is uneasy, because it fetches its satisfactions from abroad; and is barren, because it cannot find them at home. Covetousness must scorch in Indies its suitors; it must freeze them in Nova Zembla; it terrifies them at sea, and shipwrecks them upon the shore: whilst virtue recom-

mends to us, to seek our happiness in no foreign pleasure: and Diogenes finds without danger in his tub, what these sailors pursue in their dangerous bottoms. But vice might plead itself less guilty, if its design was only difficult; but difficulty is not all—for vice either requires what is impossible, or what, by not being bounded, may very easily become so. Covetousness makes nothing enough, and proposes not only what may satisfy, but what may be acquired. Ambition likewise will have every man to be highest; which is impossible, because there cannot be many highest; and the first attainer leaves nothing to his implacable rivals, but the impatience of being disappointed; which not only disquiets their present ease, but begets in them projects of attacking him by whom they conceive themselves vanquished: and these designs being formed by persons whose judgments are much disordered by interest, (which like fired powder, flees out not always where it may,) and against persons already secured by power, fame, law, and other advantages, they ripen into no other issue, than a last ruin to these who were so foolish, as not to satisfy their present humour with their present fortune.

Philosophers have divided all vices into these which consist in excess, and these which imply

a defect; the one shooting as far over the mark as the other comes short of it; and if we compare virtue with either of these, we will find it more easy than either; for as to these which overreach virtue, they must be as much more uneasy than it, as they exceed it; for having all in them which that virtue possesses which they exceed, they must require either in acquisition or maintenance, all the pains that the exceeded virtue extracts. Thus prodigality requires all the spending and pains that liberality needs; and running equally with all its length, it begins to require more pains and travel where it outshoots the other: and thus prodigality bestows not only enough as liberality does, but it lavishes out more than is fit, taking for the standard of its bounty, all that it hath to bestow; and not either what itself can spare, or what its object needs: jealousy pains itself more than true love, with all those extravagancies, which are so insufferable to the party loved, and so disquieting to the lover himself, that physicians have accounted this a disease, and the law hath made it a crime. As to these vices, which by being placed in defect, seem to require less trouble than the virtue they fall short of; as the others require more, because of their excess; yet so uneasy is vice, that even these, though they exceed not virtue

in their measures, do yet exceed it in their toil: for nature designs accomplishment in all its productions; and therefore frets, and is disquieted at these immature effects; and is as much more wounded by these than by virtuous productions, as the crafts are by being spoiled of their greener fruits, or as a woman by her too early birth. We see a miser more cruciate by his scanting penuriousness, than a noble person by his generous liberality: for these are obliged to keep themselves out of these occasions of spending,—a task great enough, because all men endeavour, both out of envy, and out of humour and sport, to draw them unto these snares, and when they are within their own circle, they are forced by that restless vice, to descend to thousands of tricks, which are as wearying as unhandsome. I have seen some so careful of their estates, that they brooked better to have their names and souls burdened, than these; and to preserve which, they were at more trouble, than any can have the faith to believe, besides these who had the humour so to do. If to hold or draw with our full force be a trouble, both these are the postures of covetousness, wherewith it is kept upon constant guard, and in continual employment; and if at any time they remit any thing of that anxiety, they repine at their own negli-

gence, and imagine that they lost as much as they hoped once to have gained. Fear is the defect of courage, but yet it is more uneasy than courage; and really this alone hath more uneasiness, than all the fraternity of virtues; for virtue is at worst busied about what is: but fear is affrighted at what is not, equally with what is.

Vice likewise is therefore less easy than virtue, because virtue proposes only one aim, which is fixed and stable; whilst vice and fancy leave us to undetermination, that is uneasy as well as dangerous. When it hath prest us, to make armies fall as sacrificed to the idol of our ambition; and for humouring that passion, to bring cities as well as men level to the ground; then it will in the next thought persuade us even to laugh at our ambition, and to exchange it for love to a mistress or companionry, as it once served the otherwise great Alexander.

As virtue makes good neighbours, so all the virtues are so far such amongst themselves, that not only they interfere not with one another; but the exercise likewise of the one, facilitates the practice of the others: thus whilst we practice temperance, we learn to be just; because temperance is the just measure of enjoying and using all contingents; and we learn by it to be patient; patience being a temperance in grief, sorrow or

affliction: patience is likewise the exercise of fortitude; and fortitude is a just proportion of courage, and a temperate exercise of boldness. And this occasioned the philosophers to term this noble alliance, the *golden chain of virtue;* each being linked with, and depending upon its fellow. But if we turn the prospect we will find, that though dissention be a special vice so charactered, yet all vices, have somewhat of their ill-natured humour in them, and agree in nothing but in this, That each of them both disagree with each other, which makes the practice of them both tedious and disagreeable; for all of them, consisting the one in excess, the other in defect, they cannot but disagree: excess and defect being in themselves most contrary: thus prodigality opposes avarice, cowardliness courage, and fondness hatred; and as virtuous persons have a kindness for one another, because the object of their love requires, as well as admits rivals; so vice, endeavouring to engross what it pursues, makes rivals altogether unsupportable. Ambition inciteth each of its dependers to be chief; and yet allows only one of these many to enjoy what it makes all of them desire. Thus avarice's task is to impropriate the possession of what was created, and is necessary to be distributed amongst many thousands; and envy

will not only have its master to be full of applause, but will likewise starve the desires and merits of others; judging that itself cannot be happy if others be. Vice then must be less easy than virtue, because it hath more enemies than virtue; and because the virtues are more harmonious amongst themselves than vices are.

Vices not only makes enemies to themselves, but by a civil war (as a just judgment upon them) they destroy one another; providence intending thereby to hinder the growth of what, though it prosper not well, yet is already too noxious to mankind: and upon the same principle of kindness to what bears his image, God Almighty, and his providence, do design the unsuccessfulness of vice, as being obstructive of his glory, as well as destructive to his creatures, being equally thereto engaged by a love to his honour and service, and by a hatred as well to those who commit vice, as to the vice which is committed. Thus God confounded those tongues which had spoke so much blasphemy against him, whilst they were endeavouring to raise a *tower* as high as their sins. And when David intended to spill Nabal's blood, God is said to have stopped him from being an unjust executioner, whom He intended to make a most just judge. And since Balaam's ass opened its mouth to

speak this truth, they must be more stupid than asses who will not believe it. The law likewise by its punishments, contributes all its endeavours to crush vice, and to arrest its success, forbidding by its edicts, any person to assist it; and making not only assistance, but counsel; not only counsel, but connivance; not only connivance, but concealment of it, to be in most cases so criminal, that all the honours which vice promiseth, or the treasures it gives, cannot be able to redeem those who are found to have slighted this prohibition. Must it not then be difficult to be vicious, where assistants and counsellors are so overawed, and the intenders so terrified, that few will engage as instruments? And these who do, are so disordered by fear, that vicious projectors are as little to expect success, as virtuous persons are to wish it for them. And to evidence how much opposition the law intends for vice, it not only punishes vice with what it presently inflicts, but it presumes it still guilty for the future: *semel malus semper præsumitur malus;* and upon that presumption many vicious persons have suffered for that whereof they were otherwise innocent. Though rebellion hath promising charms, to allure the idolaters of ambition and fame; yet the law doth so far stand against it, that few will concur with the contriv-

ers, except such fools as have not the wit to promote it, or some desperate persons, with whom few will join, because they are known to be discontent: and though revenge relishes blood with a pleasing taste, yet the severity of excellent law cools much of that inhuman heat, and lessens the pleasure by sharpening the punishment. Vice then must be uneasy, seeing the law opposes it, and renders its commission dangerous, as well as odious.

Men likewise join with God and the law in a confederacy against vice; and though they too oft approve it in the warmness and disorder of their passions, yet in their professions and conventions they laugh at it, and inveigh against it; and though the pressure of a present temptation overcome them so far as to commit what they disallow; yet they do but infrequently, and with so many checks from within, as that its commission cannot be thought easy: consider, how amongst men, we hate even these vices in others which we are guilty of ourselves; and how we even hate these vices in others, by which we ourselves reap no small advantage. Alexander glorried to destroy that base person who had murdered his greatest enemy, Darius; and David is commended, for having caused to kill him, who but said, That he had killed Saul. Who

will employ one that is perfidious? And so uneasy is vice, that much pains and discourse will not persuade us to believe one who uses to tell a lie; whilst we will soon believe what is really a lie, from one that uses not to abuse our trust: few judges are so precisely just, as not to think that they favour a virtuous person; good men do likewise reward such as own an interest so allowable; and wicked men own such as are virtuous, out of design thereby to expiate their former vice, and to persuade the world that they are not really vicious, though they be esteemed so: so that, seeing reward as well as inclination, and just men as well as unjust, advance virtue and oppose vice, vice cannot but be more uneasy than virtue, which is all to be proved.

I am, from reflecting upon the progress and growth of vice, convinced very much of its uneasiness. If we look upon rebellion, revenge, or adulteries, we find them hatched in corners, as remote from commerce as those vices are themselves from virtue; and as black as the guilt of their contrivers; and almost as terrifying as the worst of prisons are to such who are but in any measure virtuous. None of the contrivers dares trust his colleague; and which is yet worse, none of them hath courage enough to reflect upon what he is to do: he must be too bad to be suc-

cessful, who is so desperately wicked as not to tremble at the wickedness he projects; and these blessings which adorn the face, when they are the motions of modesty, become stains and blemishes, when they are sent there by fear, or a troubled conscience: and it is very pretty to observe, with how much art and pains such as are guilty of vice, endeavour to shun all discourses that can renew to them the least reflection upon their former failings; and how they must oftentimes disoblige their own envy and malice, in not daring to vent or reproach others with that guilt which might be easily retorted; and thus vicious men have as many masters as their vices have witnesses: and though they are bold enough to commit vice, yet they oftentimes want the courage to own it; and servants, if conscious to these crimes, become thereby necessary to their masters; nor do wicked and vicious persons fear only such as do, but (which is more extensive) such as may know their vices, and tremble at its memory, as if the sun or moon would divulge their secrets; and, by accident, they have oft confessed crimes upon mistake, and have made apologies for that whereof they were not accused; which hath made the confessors to be laughed at for their error, as well as hated for their crimes.

Another argument to enforce, That Virtue is more easy than Vice, is: That seeing nature is the spring of all operations, certainly that must be most easy, which is most natural; and when we would express any thing to be easy to a person or nation, we say, it is natural to them; and miracles are uneasy and difficult, because they run the counter-track of nature, being either above, against, or beside its assistance: but so it is, that virtue is a more natural operation than vice; both because it less infests nature than vice does,—and because nature discovers more of a bent to act viciously than virtuously; which are the only two senses in which any thing is said to be *natural*.

That virtue, of these two, prejudges nature least, is clear from this: that sobriety cherisheth it, when it is run down by intemperance; murder kills it; gluttony chokes it; and jealousy keeps it not alive but to torment it: and generally, whenever nature is distressed it flies to virtue—either for protection, as to courage, justice, and clemency; or for recovery, as to temperance, industry, and chastity: few gray hairs owe their whiteness, except to that innocence whose livery it is; rapine, oppression, and these other vices, heightening their insolence against man, to that point, that he must serve them in being his own

cut-throat; to be commended for nothing else, save that they rid the world of such who came only into it to deface that glorious fabric, whereof the Almighty resented so the pleasure of having created it, that he appointed a day of each seven to celebrate its festivals. Art not some sins said to be *Sins against our own bodies?* Not because all are not so in some measure; but because some are so in so eminent a measure, that the Apostle, who knew much of all men's inclinations, thought that their being so much such, was enough to restrain such persons from committing them, as were yet so wicked as not to obey a Saviour who died for them. And why is it that laws are so severe against vice, but because it destroys and corrupts the members of the commonwealth? I have oft, notwithstanding the precepts of Stoicism, which forbids me to be so effeminate as to pity any thing; and notwithstanding the principles of justice, which forbids me to pity persons, that I have no more remembered even the wrongs that they done me: to see the pox wear out a face which had been so oft fairded, and the gout fetter feet, that, as the Psalmist says, *were swift to do ill*, are but too ordinary encounters to excite compassion: but to see the wheel fattened with the marrow of tortured miscreants; and the rack pull to pieces

their receptacles of vice; are great instances how great an enemy vice is to nature; under whose ill conduct, and for whose errors, it suffers torments which are much sooner felt than expressed.

Since, then, Nature is opposed by vice, it cannot be itself so unwise, in the meanest of these many degrees which we ascribe to many creatures whom it makes wise, if it disposed not mankind to entertain an aversion for vice, which is so much its enemy. Shall the sheep, the silliest of all animals, or the earth, the dullest of all the elements, flee from its oppressors? And shall Nature, which should be wiser than these, because it bestows these inclinations upon them which makes them pass for wise, be so imprudent, as not to mould men so as to incline them to hate vice, which so much hurts it? Is there any vice committed, to which we may not find another impulsive cause than Nature? And are not most vices either committed by custom, by being mistaken for good, by interest, or inadvertence, as shall be showed in the close of this discourse? And seeing Nature deigns to do nothing in vain, it is not imaginable that it should prompt us to vice, wherein nothing but vanity can be expected, or from which nothing else can be reaped. These who are so injurious to Nature, (because it appears Nature hath been less libe-

ral to them of understanding than to others,) as to fasten this reproach upon it of inclining men to vice, do contradict themselves when they say, That nature is satisfied with little, and desires nothing that is superfluous: whereas all these vices which consist in excess, do stretch themselves to superfluity; whilst, upon the other side, these vices which consist in defect, are yet as unnatural; because in these the committers deny themselves what is necessary for them, and so are most unnatural: nature desiring to see every thing accomplished in its just proportions, and satisfied in its just desires.

All vices have their own peculiar diseases, to which they inevitably lead; envy brings men to leanness, as if it were fed with its master's flesh, as well as with its enemies' failings; lust, the pox and consumptions; drunkenness, catarrhs and gouts; and rage, fevers and phrenzies; which is a demonstration of their uneasiness and incommodiousness: and I might almost say, that those vices are like frogs, lice, and other despicable and terrible insects, generated and kneaded out of excrementitious humours. Lust is occasioned by the superfluity and heat of the blood; drunkenness by a dryness of the vessels; and rage by the corruption and exuberancy of choler. Consider how much the frowns of anger

disfigure the sweetest face—how much rage discomposes our discourse; and by these and its other postures, ye will find vice an enemy to nature: so that in all these, nature labours under some distemper, and is distressed in its operation; and acts them not out of choice, but as sick men rise to hunt for what their physicians deny them. And for all this it follows, that vice is neither natural in its productions, nor in its tendencies; not being designed by nature in the one, nor designing to preserve nature in the other.

I confess there is a rank of virtues, which are supernatural,—such as faith, hope, and repentance; but either there could be no contradistinction of these from such as I treat of, or else these of which I here speak must be natural. To deny ourselves, if we will follow Christ; and, what flesh and blood did not teach Peter, to emit that noble confession of Christ's being the Son of the Eternal God, proves that some spiritual truths are above the reach of reason; yet with relation to those other moral virtues, that same inspired volume assures us, *That the Gentiles, who have no law, do by nature the things contained in the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts; their conscience also bearing witness, and*

their thoughts in the mean time accusing, or else excusing one another: and elsewhere the wicked are said to be without *natural affection.* Are not all sins, even in the dialect of philosophers and lawgivers, as well as in the language of Canaan, termed unnatural? What is parricide, ingratitude, oppression, lying, &c. but the subversion of these laws, whereof our own hearts are the tables? Doth not nature, by giving us tongues to express our thoughts, teach us, that to disguise our thoughts, or contradict them, is to be unnatural? And seeing the not-acknowledgment of favours, obstructs the future relief of our necessities, it must be as unnatural to be ingrate, as it is natural to provide supplies for our craving wants.

I will not fully exhaust the miseries that wait upon vice, by telling you, that no man who is really vicious, sinneth without reluctancy in the commission; but I must likewise tell you, That though all the preceding disadvantages were salved, yet the natural horror which results from the commission of vice, is great enough to render it a miracle that any man should be vicious. Conscience can condemn us without witnesses, though we bribe off all witnesses from without; or though by sophistry and art, we render their depositions unsuccessful: and though remissions

can secure us against all external punishments, yet the arm of that executioner cannot be stopped. And if ye consider how men become thereby inconsolable, by the attendance of friends, and the advantage of all exterior pleasures, ye cannot but conclude that vice is to be pitied, as well as shunned; and that this alone makes it more uneasy than virtue, whereby the greatest of misfortunes are sweetened; and outward torments, by having their prospects turned upon future praise and rewards, rendered pleasures to such as suffer them; and are looked upon as ornaments, by such as see them inflicted, and draw praises from succeeding ages.

——Hic murus ahenus esto
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa;

was the determination of a pagan, who could derive no happiness from the divine promises, upon which we are obliged to rely for rewards; which though they be too great to be understood by the sons of men, yet are not so great, but that they may be expected by us, when we shall be adopted to be the sons of that God, whose power to bestow can be equalled by nothing, but by His desire to gratify. After success hath crowned vicious designs, yet vice meets with this uneasiness of remorse, wherein the souls of

men are made to forget the pleasure of success, and are punished for having been successful: and these will either not remember their success, in which case they want all pleasure, or, if they think upon it, that thought will lead them back to consider the guilt and baseness to which they owe it, which will vex and fret them. Virtue afflicts at most but the body, and in these pains philosophy comforts us; but vice afflicts our souls, and the soul being more sensible than the body, (seeing the body owes its sensibleness to it,) certainly the torments of vice must be the greatest. And this seems the reason why our Saviour, in describing the torments of hell, placeth *the worm that never dies*, before *the fire that never goeth out:* and that the rebukes of a natural conscience, are of all torments the most unsupportable, appears from this,—that albeit death being the most formidable of all torments, (men suffering tortures, physic, contumelies, poverty, and the sharpest of afflictions, to shun its encounter,) yet men, in exchange of these, will not only welcome death, but will assume it to themselves, adding the guilt and infamy of self-murder, the confiscation of an estate, and the infamous wants of burial, to the horrors of an ordinary death; and all this, to shift the present gnawings of a conscience. The horrors

likewise of a guilty conscience do in this appear most disquieting,—that those who have their conscience so burdened, do acknowledge, that after confession they find themselves as much eased, as a sick stomach is relieved by vomiting up these humours, whose disquietness makes such as suffered them rather sick persons than patients; whereas, whatever be the present troubles which arise from virtue, yet, if they continue not, they are tolerable, and if they continue, custom and the assistance of philosophy will lessen their weight; and at best, the pain is but temporary, because the cause from which they descend is but momentary: if they be not sharp and violent, they are sufferable; and if they be violent, they cannot last, or at least, the patient cannot last long to endure them: whereas these reflections that disquiet us in vice, arising from the soul itself, cannot perish whilst that hath any being. And so the vicious soul must measure its grief by the length of eternity, though vice did let out its joys but the length of a moment, and did not fill even the narrow dimensions of that moment with sincere joy; the knowledge that these were to be short-lived, and the fear of succeeding torment, possessing much of that little room.

The first objection, whose difficulty deserves

an answer, is, that virtue obliges us to oppose pleasures, and to accustom ourselves with such rigours, seriousness and patience, as cannot but render its practice uneasy: and if the reader's own ingenuity supply not what may be rejoined to this, it will require a discourse, that shall have no other design besides its satisfaction; and really to show by what means every man may make himself easily happy, and how to soften the appearing rigours of philosophy, is a design, which, if I thought it not worthy of a sweeter pen, should be assisted by mine; and for which I have in my current experience, gathered together some loose reflections and observations, of whose cogency I have this assurance—that they have often moderated the wildest of my own straying inclinations—and so might pretend to a more prevailing ascendant over such, whose reason and temperament make them much more reclaimable: but at present my answer is, That philosophy enjoins not the crossing of our own inclinations, but in order to their accomplishment; and it proposes pleasure as its end, as well as vice; though, for its more fixed establishment, it sometimes commands what seems rude to such as are strangers to its intentions in them. Thus temperance resolves to heighten the pleasures of enjoyment, by de-

fending us against all the insults of excess and oppressive loathing; and when it lessens our pleasures, it intends not to abridge them, but to make them fit and convenient for us; even as soldiers, who, though they propose not wounds and starvings, yet, if without these they cannot reach those laurels to which they climb, they will not so far disparage their own hopes, as to think they should fix them upon any thing whose purchase deserves not the suffering of these. Physic cannot be called a cruel employment, because to preserve what is sound it will cut off what is tainted; and these vicious persons, whose laziness forms this doubt, do answer it, when they endure the sickness of drunkenness, the toiling of avarice, the attendance of rising vanity, and the watchings of anxiety,—and all this to satisfy inclinations, whose shortness allows little pleasures, and whose prospect excludes all future hopes. Such as disquiet themselves by anxiety (which is a frequently repeated self-murder), are more tortured than they could be by the want of what they pant after; that longed-for possession of a neighbour's estate, or of a public employment, makes deeper impressions of grief by their absence than their enjoyment can repair: and a philosopher will sooner convince himself of their not being the necessary

integrants of our happiness, than the miser will, by all assiduousness, gain them.

There are but three instances of time, and in each of these vicious persons are much troubled; the prospect of usual insuccessfulness, difficulties or inconveniences, do torment before the commission; horror, trembling and reluctancy, do terrify in the act; and conscience succeeds to these after commission, as the last, but not the least of these unruly torments. And as to the pleasures of vice, it can have none in any of these parcels of time, beside the present; which present is by many philosophers scarce allowed the name of time, and is at best so swift, that its pleasures must be too transient to be possessed. I confess that revenge is the most enticing of all vices; insomuch, that a wicked Italian said, That God Almighty had reserved it to himself, because it was too noble and satisfying a prerogative to be bestowed upon mortals: yet it discharges at once pleasures with its fury; and, like a bee, languishes after it hath spent its sting; and when it is once acted, which is oft in one moment, it ceaseth from that moment to be a pleasure; and such as were tickled once with it, are afraid of its remembrance, and think worse of it than they did formerly of the affront, to expiate which it was undertaken.

Thirty pieces of silver might have had some lechery in them, at Judas's first touch; but they behoved to have a very unresembling effect, when he took no longer pleasure in them, than to have come the next week to offer them back; and because they were refused, to rid himself of his life and them together.

The pains of vice may be concluded greater than these of virtue, from this; That virtuous persons are in their sufferings assisted by all the world; vicious persons doing so to expiate their own crimes; and virtuous persons doing the same, to reward the virtue they adore; and if these endeavours prove unsuccessful, every man by bearing a share in their grief, do all they can to lessen it; but vicious persons have their sufferings augmented by the disdain, and just opprobries thrown upon them by such as were witnesses to their vices; and such as had any inclination for them, dare not appear to be their well-wishers, lest they be reputed complices of their crimes.

I need not fear so much weakness in this my theme, as to bring up a thousand of these instances to its aid, that lie every where obvious to the least curious observation: what is more laborious than pride? wherein by robbing from others what is due to them, the acquirers are still obliged to

defend their new conquests with more vigilance than virtue needs? The proud man must be greater than all others, and so must toil more than they all, his task being greater than all their's jointly. And the jealous man must never be satisfied, till he knows not only what is truth, but what he fears to be so; being most unhappy in this, that if he get assurance of what he suspects, then he is made really miserable; or if he attain not to that assurance, he must still toil for it, and make himself miserable by his pains, till he become really so, by being informed of what at one instant he wishes to be false, and endeavours to make true. Revenge is most painful, both in persuading us that these are affronts, which of their own nature are no affronts; and then in bringing on us much more hazard than their satisfaction can repay. For one word spoke to us, which (it may be) the speaker intended as no injury, how many have, by murdering the speaker, or some rash attempt, deprived themselves of the privilege of seeing their friends without horror; or of coming abroad without imminent danger; skulking in dens like thieves; imprisoned for fear of prison; and dying daily to shun the death they fear? Whereas Socrates, by laughing at him who spat in his face, had then the pleasure to see himself at present satisfied; and

did foresee the hopes of future praises. Guiltiness must search out corners; it must at all rates secure favourites; it must shun to meet with such as are conscious to its guilt; and whenever two men speak privately in presence of such as are vicious, they persuade themselves that somewhat is there spoke to their disadvantage; and like one who labours of a sore, they must still be careful that their wound be not touched.

To conclude then this period, consider, that every thing that is uneasy must be unpleasant; and that vice is more uneasy than virtue, appears from the whole foregoing discourse.

I hope the preceding discourse hath cleared off all these doubts, that can oppose this well-founded truth; leaving only this objection here to be answered: if vice be less easy, and less natural than virtue, why do the greater part of mankind range themselves to its side, leaving virtue as few followers, as it professes to desire admirers? In answer whereto, I confess that this objection proves men to be mad, but not vice to be easy; even as when we see men throw away their clothes, run the fields over, and expose themselves to storms, leaving their convenient homes and kind family, we conclude such as do so to be mad; but are not induced to believe that what they do is easy. And certainly

vice is a madness, as may appear convincingly from this, that when we see others run to these excesses, (which we thought gallantry in ourselves, when we were acting the like,) we ask them seriously, What, are ye mad? And Hazael, when the cruelty he was to (and did) commit, was foretold him by the prophet, did with admiration ask, *What? am I a dog that I should do these things?* And the prodigal, when he freed himself from these vicious rovings, is said to have *come to himself;* by which word madness is usually expressed. Men are said to be mad when they offer violence to their bodies; and it is a more advanced degree of madness, to offer violence to our souls; which we then do (besides the ruining of our bodies) when we are vicious. And to such as prefer their bodies to their souls, I recommend the survey of such bodies as have wasted themselves in stews and taverns, or have left limbs upon the field where they last quarrelled after cups, for vanity or mistresses. The second answer is, That men mistake oftimes vice for virtue; and are enticed to it by an error in their judgments, rather than any depravedness in their affections. Thus drunkenness recommends itself to us, under the notion of kindness; and prodigality under that of liberality: complacency likewise is the great pimp of much

viciousness to well-disposed persons, and many are by it enticed to err, to gratify a mistake in their friendship; for they are persuaded, that friendship and kindness are so innocent and sweet qualities, that they cannot command, what are not just as themselves.

Custom, also, as it is a second nature, so it is a step-mother to virtue; and whilst we endeavour to shun the vice of being *vain* and *singular*, we slip into these vices, which are too familiar to be formidable; and which we would not have committed, if the mode and fashion had not determined us thereto, against our first and pure inclinations. Thus the Germans believe drinking to be kindness; and the Italian is, by the custom of his country, induced not to tremble, but to love *sodomy*. We have *interest* likewise to blame for much of that wickedness which we falsely charge upon nature; for this bribes us to oppose what naturally we would follow: but above all, want of consideration is the frequent occasion of many of these disorders; so that virtue is not postponed by choice, but by negligence; neither would it be more difficult for us to be virtuous in many of our actions, than it would be for us to consider what we are about to do. And I may seal up this period with the blunt complaint made by a poor woman, who

after her affection and interest had forced from her many passionate regrets against her son's debordings, concluded thus:—Alas! my son will never recover, for he cannot *think*. Therefore, I must conclude, that seeing it is easy to think, it must be likewise easy to be virtuous.

It is indeed hard for one who is drunk to stand upright, or for one who hath his eyes covered with mire to see clearly; and yet standing upright, or seeing clearly, are not in themselves difficult tasks: just so virtue is easy in itself, though our pre-engagement to the contrary habit, rather than to the vice itself, renders its operation somewhat uneasy; whereas, if we had once imbrued our souls with a habit of virtue, its exercise would be far easier to us than that of its contrary; for it would be assisted by reason, nature, reward, and applause; all which oppose the other. He who becomes temperate, finds his temperance much less troublesome, than the most habitual drunkard can his excess, who can never render it so familiar, but that he will be constrained to make faces, when he quaffs off a tedious health; and will at sometimes find either his quarrels, the betraying his friend's secret, or his crudities to importune him. No liar has so much accustomed himself to that trade, but he will discover himself sometimes in his

blushes, and will be oft distressed to shape out covers for his falseness; whereas he who is free from the bondage of that habit, will always find it so easy, that he will never hear a lie, without admiring with what confidence it could have been forged.

Whereas to know the easiness of virtue, we need only this reflection, That every vicious person thinks it easier to conquer the vice he sees in another. He who whores, admires the uneasiness and unpleasantness of drinking; and the drunkard laughs at the fruitless toil of ambition; which shows that vice is an uneasy conquest, seeing the meanest persons can subdue it.

Though truth and newness do of all other motives, court us soonest to complacency, and that my present theme may pretend to both, yet so studious am I of success, where I have a tenderness for the subject for which I contend, that for further conviction of its enemies, I must recommend to them to go to the courts of monarchs, and there learn the uneasiness and unpleasantness of vice, from its splitting those in oppositions and factions, which afford the reasonable lookers-on as disagreeable a prospect, as that of a shipwrecked vessel. And when faction has once dismembered a society, is it not strange to see what pains and anxiety must be showed by

both opposites, to discover and ruin each others projects? Other men toil only to make themselves happy; but those must labour likewise to keep their opposites from being so; they must seek applause for themselves, and must stop it from their enemies; they must shun all places where these are entertained, and all occasions which may bring them to meet, though inclination or curiosity do extremely bend them to go thither; they must oppose the friends of their enemies, though they be desirous, and obliged upon many other scores to do them good offices; they grow pale at their appearances, and are disordered at what praise is given those, though bestowed upon them for promoting that public good, wherein the contemners share for much of their own safety; and it is most ordinary to hear such factious zealots swear, that they would choose rather to be destroyed by a public enemy, than preserved by a rival; from all which it is but too clear, that all vicious persons are slaves, which though the uneasiest of states, yet to shun a loss of supposed liberty, most men refuse to be virtuous. If we go to physicians, we will find their shambles hung round with the trophies of vice. For temperance, chastity, or the other virtues send few thither: but wantonness repays there its own moment's pleasure with a year's

cure; and makes them afraid to see that disfigured face, for whose representation they once doted upon their flattering mirrors. There lie such prisoners, as the drunken gout hath fettered; and there lie louring such as gluttony hath oppressed. Let us go to prisons and scaffolds, and there we will see such furnished out with the envoys of injustice, malice, revenge, and murders. Let us go to divines, and they will tell us of the horrid exclamations of such, as have upon their death-bed seen mustered before them, those sins, which how soon they had their vizards of sensuality and lust pulled off, did appear in figures monstrous enough to terrify a soul which took leisure to consider them.

Hi sunt qui trepidant, et ad omnia fulgura pallent. Juv.

And though the consciences of soldiers have oftimes their ears so deafened with warlike sounds, or welcome applauses, that they cannot hear; and their eyes so covered with their enemies' gore, that they cannot see these terrifying shapes of inward revenge; yet, if we believe Lucan, neither could the wrongs done to Cæsar so far legitimate his fury; nor the present joy, or future danger, so far divert him from reflecting upon his by-past actions; nor could the want of christianity (which enlivens extremely these ter-

rors beyond the *Creed* of a *Roman*, who believed that gallantry was devotion) so far favour his cruelty,—but that he and his soldiers were, the night of Pharsalia's battle, thus disturbed. *Lucan*, book 7.

But furious dreams disturb their restless rest,
Pharsalia's fight remains in every breast;
Their horrid guilt still works; the battle stands
In all their thoughts, they brandish empty hands
Without their swords: you would have thought the field
Had groaned, and that the guilty earth did yield
Exhaled spirits, that in the air did move,
And Stygian fears possest the night above;
A sad revenge on them their conquest takes;
Their sleeps present the Furies hissing snakes,
And brands; their countrymen's sad ghosts appear:
To each the image of his proper fear.
One sees an old man's visage, one a young;
Another's tortur'd all the evening long
With his slain brother's spirit; their father's sight
Daunts some; but Cæsar's soul all ghosts affright.

But that I may rest your thoughts from the noise and horror of these objects, let me lead them into a philosopher's cell or house; (for virtue is not like vice, confined to places,) and there ye will see measures taken, by no less noble nor less erring pattern, than Nature. His furniture is not the offspring of the last fashion; and so he must not be at the toil, and keep spies for informing him, when the succeeding mode

must cause these be pulled down; and needs not be troubled, to fill the room yearly of that contemned stuff he but lately admired. He is not troubled that another's candlesticks are of a later mould; nor vext, that he cannot muster so many cabins or knacks as he does. He spends no such idle times as is requisite for making great entertainments; wherein nature is oppressed to please fancy; and must be, by the next day's physic, tortured to cure its errors: his soul lodges cleanly; neither clouded with the vapours, nor cloyed with the crudities of his table: he applies every thing to its natural use; and so uses meat and drink, not to express kindness, (friendship doing that office much better) but to refresh, and not to occasion his weakness. His dreams are neither disturbed by the horrid representation of his last day's crimes, nor by the too deep impressions of the next day's designs, but are calm as the breast they refresh, and pleasant as the rest they bring. His eyes suffer no such eclipse in these, as the eyes of vicious men do, when they are darkened with drunkenness, or excessive sorrow; for all his darknesses succeed as seasonably to his recreations, as the day is followed in by the night. In his clothes, he uses not such as require two or three hours to their laborious dressing; or which overawe

the wearer so, that he must shun to go abroad to all places, or at all occasions, lest he offend their lustre; but he provides himself with such as are most easy for use; and fears not to stain these, if he keep his soul unspotted: he considers his body and organs as the easement and servants of that reasonable soul he so much loves, and therefore he eases them, not upon design to please them, but to refresh them, that the soul may be thereby better served; and if at any time he deny these their satisfaction, he designs not thereby to torture them: for gratitude obliges him to repay better their services; (and a man should not be cruel even to his beast;) but he does so, lest they exceed these measures, whose extent virtue knows better to mark out than they; or else he finds that, during the time he ministers to these appetites, he may be more advantageously employed in enjoying the pure and spiritual pleasures of philosophy. But leaving this outer-court, let us step into a philosopher's breast, (a region as serene as the heaven whence it came,) and there view how sweet virtue inspires gentle thoughts, whose storms raise not wrinkles, like billows in our face, and blow not away our disobliged friends. Here, no mutinous passion rebels with success; and these petty insurrections of flesh and blood, serve only to magnify the

strength of reason in their defeat. Here, all his desires are so satisfied with virtue as their reward, that they need, nor do not run abroad, begging pleasures from every unknown object; and therefore it is, that, not placing his happiness upon what is subject to the empire of fate, capricious fortune cannot make him miserable; for it can resume nothing but what it hath given: and therefore, seeing it hath not bestowed virtue and tranquillity, it cannot call it away, and whilst that remains all other losses are inconsiderable. And as few men are grieved to see what is not their own destroyed, so the virtuous philosopher, having always considered what is without him as belonging to fortune, and not to him; he sees those burned or robbed with a disinterested indifferency: and when all others are alarmed with the fears of ensuing wars and invasions, he stands as fixed (though not as hard) as a rock, and suffers all the foaming waves of fate and malice, to spend their spite and froth at his feet. Virtue, and the remembrance of what he hath done, and the hopes that he will still act virtuously, are all his treasures; and these are not capable of being pillaged; these are his inseparable companions, and, therefore, he can never want a divertising conversation; and seeing he is a citizen of the world, all places are his country; and he is always

at home, and so can never be banished; and seeing he can still exercise his reason equally in all places, he is never (like vicious persons) vexed that he must stay in one place, and cannot reach another; like a sick man, whose diseases make him always tumble through all the corners of his bed. He is never surprised, because he forecasts always the worst; and as this arms him against discontents, so if a milder event disappoint his apprehensions, this heightens his pleasure. He lives without all design, except that one of obeying his reason; therefore it is that he can never be miserable, seeing such are only so, who are crossed in their designs; and thence it is, that when he hears that his actions displease the world, he is not troubled, seeing he designed not to please them; and if he see others carry wealthy pretences to which he had a title, he is little troubled, seeing he designed not to be rich. The frowns or favours of grandees alter him not, seeing he neither fears the one, nor expects promotion from the other. He desires little, and so is easily happy; seeing these are without controversy happy, who enjoy all they desire; and that man puts himself in great debt, who widens his expectations by his desires: thus, he who designs to buy a neighbouring field, must straiten himself to lay up what will reach its price, as

much as if he were debtor in the like sum; and *desire* leaves still an emptiness which must be filled. He finds not his breast invaded (like such as are vicious) by contrary passions: envy sometimes persuading, that others are more deserving; and vanity assuring, that none deserves so much. His passions do not interest him with extreme concern in any thing; and seeing he loves nothing too well, he grieves at the loss of nothing too much; joy and grief being like the contrary motions of a swing or *pendula*, which must move as far (exactly) to the one side, as it run formerly to the other. He looks upon all mankind as sprung from one common stock with himself; and these are as glad to hear of other men's happiness, as others are to hear of their kindred and relations' promotion. If he be advanced to be a statesman, whilst he continues so, he designs more to discharge well his present trust than to court a higher, which double task burdens such as are vicious; and, having no private design, if the public which he serves find out one fitter for the employment, he is well satisfied, for his design of serving the public is thereby more promoted: and if he be preferred to be a judge, he looks only to the law as his square, and is not distracted betwixt the desires to be just, to please

his friends, to gratify his dependers, and to advance his private gain. The philosopher is not raised by his greatness above, nor depressed by his misfortunes below, his natural level; for, when he is in his grandeur, he considers that men come to him but as they go to fountains; not to admire its streams (though clear as crystal), but to fill their own pitchers; and therefore he is neither at much pains to preserve that state, nor to heighten men's esteem of it, but considers his own power as he doth a river, whose streams are always passing, and are then only pleasant when they glide calmly within their banks. Injuries do not reach him, for his virtue places him upon a height above their shot; and what calumnies or offences are intended for him, do but like the vapours and fogs that rise from the earth, not reach the heaven, but fall back in storms and thunder upon the place from which they were sent. Injuries may strike his buckler, but cannot wound himself, who is sensible of no wounds but of those his vices give him. And if a tyrant kill his body, he knows his immaterial soul cannot be stabbed, but is sure it will fly as high as the spheres, (nothing but that clog of earth hindering it to move upward to that its centre,) and that from thence he will with great Pompey (in Lucan), smile down,

when he shall see, with illuminate eyes, his own trunk to be so inconsiderable a piece of neglected earth. And to conclude, the philosopher does in all his actions go to the straightest way, which is, because of that, the shortest, and therefore the easiest.

When I have constellate all these towering eulogies, which gratitude heaps upon its benefactors, which foolish youths throw away upon their mistresses, and which flatterers buzz into the depraved ears of their patrons,—when I have impoverished invention, and emptied eloquence of their most flowery ornaments,—when I shall have decocted the pains of a whole writing age into one panegyric, to bestow a compliment upon virtue for the ease it gives us, and the sweets of its tranquillity, I shall have spent my time better, than in serving the most wealthy or recreating vice; and yet I shall oblige virtue by it less, than by acting the least part of what is reasonable, or gaining the soonest reclaimable of such as are vicious; and therefore I shall leave off to write, that I may begin to act virtuously, though one of my employment may find a defence for writing moral philosophy, in the examples of Cicero, Du Vaire, that famous French president, the Lord Verulam, and thousands of others.

I have (to deal ingenuously) written these two essays to serve my country, rather than my fame or humour; and if they prove successful, heaven has nothing below itself, wherewith it can more bless my wishes: but if these succeed not, I know nothing else wherewith I would flatter my hopes; and so whatever be the event of this undertaking, (as my resolutions stand now formed,) *adieu for ever to writing.*

A

CONSOLATION AGAINST CALUMNIES:

SHOWING HOW TO BEAR THEM EASILY AND PLEASANTLY.*

MY LORD,

THOUGH my friendship pay its incense no where with so much *devotion*, as when it bows to your merit; and though your charming letter had a bait hung at its each line, yet I am equally afraid and ashamed to return, in answer to either, that desired *consolation*, which may show very much vanity in me to undertake, and very little friendship to be able to perform. For either your misfortunes are not so pointed as ye represent, and then I must show your weakness when I detect the defects of what conquers you; or if

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* Written in return to a Person of Honour, and at his desire subjoined to the foregoing Discourse, because of the contingency of the subjects.

they have powers resembling the greatness of these complaints which ye form of them, then it will show too much disunion in our friendship (pardon the levelingness of that word, seeing ye have authorized what it expresses) to be able to comfort you, when you are not able to comfort yourself; and not to be discomposed by the same absences of spirit and courage that obliges you to crave that assistance, which my modesty or sympathy should make me to decline to offer. Yet seeing ye possibly crave this, to try rather my obedience than to supply your necessities; I will expose my own real defects, to help these imaginary ones in you: and this being the last thing I am ever to print, I shall think my reputation expires nobly, when it dies a martyr in your quarrel.

The misfortune you complain of is, that your name is loaded with misreports; and that your innocence doth not protect you against that injustice: and albeit I am sorry to see so noble a name as your's so ill lodged, as in the venomous mouths of the indiscreet world; yet I am glad to hear that your fortunes are so full, as that ye find no incommodity, but what is so foreign, and what may be so easily removed.

Be pleased therefore to consider, that though ye imagine all the world talks of you, yet that is

your and not their error; for few have either time, convenience or humour, to inquire into, or hear such reports as these which trouble you: and I know by experience, that where men fall in your misfortunes, or under any affront, they conceive all they meet or know consider nothing so much as their case; whereas I myself have met such persons, without any lessening thoughts of them, and without any change in my humour towards them, besides what was wrought by a pity to see reasonable men slip into such an error: it is the nearness of concern which induces men to believe this; and so they should conclude, that seeing others are not so concerned in these misinformations, they will not apprehend them with the same feelings. Every man imagines his own disease greatest, and admires why others are not sensible of his sufferings; whilst these admire why he sees not his own to be much less than he imagines. And as self-love makes us imagine, that all the world hears of our advantages; so it is an equal error to believe that all men are informed of our misfortunes; and I have regretted to my friends (who of all others should have known best my misfortunes) what they knew not, but from my own apologies.

Of these few who hear such reports, reason should oblige us to believe, that fewer believe

them: for reason teaches us to presume men to be just; and really they so are, except they be biassed by prejudice or interest; whereas if they be just, they will little credit such discourses; it being so indispensable an essential of justice, not to condemn such as we have not heard to defend themselves against what they are accused of; that though God could not but know what Adam had done when he had sinned in Eden, yet He would not sentence him, till He cited him to appear in his own defence—*Adam, where art thou?* And when the cries of Sodom's sins were become as great as the guilt was which occasioned them, yet God says, *We will go down and see.*

It were likewise injustice to condemn men upon the depositions of such as shall have no warrant for what they talk, but *common fame;* which is so infamous a witness, that it hath been convicted of a thousand million of gross lies, and stands condemned in the registers both of sacred and profane story. And so unworthy is the offspring of this common whore, that ye will scarce find one in an age who will own it for his; and as if every man condemned it, even these who relate these discourses will still disown to be authors of them: and I may say of them, as the laws say of bastards, that *patrem demonstrare nequeunt.*

Why then should we think that just men will believe, what even unjust men are ashamed to maintain; and what is told with so much caution and secrecy, as may convince such to whom it is told, that the relater dares not undergo the trial? The other warrants of their discourses are the testimonies of such, as men may see by the feverish zeal of the relaters, that they are too much interested to be believed; and when we hear such discourses, we should examine, why was the relater at the pains to disperse these informations? Which if we do, we will find that interest or prejudice does prompt them; and so in believing these, we give the informer reason to laugh at our simplicity, in being so easily prompt by him (which may justly give him ground to prefer his wit to our's); and we become but the executioners of his revenge and malice: should not, and will not, reasonable men think, that these who are so officious as to report such discourses, wherein they are not interested, will be so unjust as to make, as well as tell such calumnies? And these who are busy-bodies in interesting themselves in such tattles, may be liars in forging what they want. None should be believed, but such as are virtuous; and such will never be authors of misreports, or curious to talk of other men's affairs; for virtuous persons

will be ashamed to have it thought, that they spend their time so meanly, as to have leisure to hear or inquire into what does not concern them: and as the law, so men should always suspect witnesses, who offer themselves to depose without being commanded or interrogate. Wise men will likewise examine, upon what ground the relater founds himself; and if they do not, they are unjust; or if they do, they will easily find that the weakest presumptions make the strongest of his arguments; and, in place of making you criminal, your accusers will thus make themselves ridiculous. Who will condemn upon presumptions, and upon such as are only presumptions to persons ignorant and malicious? What may be, may not be; and therefore it is bad logic to infer, that such an evil thing is done, because it may be so; for the conclusion should follow the weakest proposition; and, therefore, we should rather conclude, that such an evil is not done, because it may be that it is not done. No rational man should judge of any action, whereof he knows not the design of the actor; for some actions are good or evil, according as the design is. St. Jerome went to taverns to observe and reform, which was a virtue in him, though it was a crime in others: and, therefore, seeing we know not other men's designs, we

should not censure their actions. One circumstance, also, will vary the case; and, seeing few men know all circumstances of other men's actions, it is rashness to censure what but may be vicious; and injustice to be rash in censuring, seeing what we censure may be virtuous. Another ground which persuades me that few believe what is disadvantageous to another man's honour, is, that though fame and life be but paralleled in law, yet in honour, fame is much dearer than life, because it lasts longer than life, and because life without it is a torment; but it without life is so much a happiness, that more die for fame, than by courage. Seeing, then, we need not fear that just men will pronounce against our life without impregnable evidences, why should we fear that they will pronounce against our honour, upon foundless and slight misreports? It is likewise men's own interest not to believe such discourses of others, lest they thereby establish a precedent against themselves; for will not they think that the next turn may be theirs, and that being mortal as you, they are liable to the same accidents; and that if such discourses should receive access, their innocence and pains are easily disappointed? And, therefore, I hope you will think, that common interest is a sufficient security for your fame amongst wise men; and

that upon that score, prudent men will not believe such reports, as just men will not upon the former; it is also most ordinary to find, that such as have been once cheated, will be more cautious for the future; brutes themselves being so wise, as to beware of that snare where they were once entrapped. It is then most probable, that seeing most men have once, and many too often been cheated with misreports, having been induced to wrong their friends hereby, and their relations; that such therefore, even amongst these who can be unjust, yet will be so no more, and, that we will be secured by the experience, though not by their virtue.

As to these who will talk to your disadvantage, I shall class them thus; some will out of raillery, some will through misinformation, some by interest and malice. Those who talk out of raillery, deserve not your malice; nor should their discourses fret you, seeing their humour is generally known to design rather jest than truth; and so what they say, may divert others as a treat of wit, but cannot wrong you as a disobliging truth, no more than Virgil can be believed a fool, because he is antic in burlesque verse; and seeing these use you as they use their friends and themselves, ye should be no more angry than the king is, when he sees his face posted up for

a sign to a country tavern. Scripture and devotion suffer with you on this account; and, because the finest things are most universally known, therefore, they are most ordinarily the subject of such entertainment; that being the object thought only worthy to rail at, which deserves not to be so used; and men being used to make that appear ridiculous, which is not so in itself.

These who talk to your prejudice through misinformation, receive but so slight an impression, as will make them speak but faintly, and as will not hinder them from being easily removed from their received intelligence; and after they are reclaimed by your friends, or a ripened information, they will judge it a duty to expiate their former error, by confessing to the world their former injustice; so that by one of those penitents more will be regained, than can be debauched by twenty misinformers; men being generally more inclined to believe such as have experienced both, than such as pretend only an acquaintance with one of the opposite sides.

As to such who speak out of malice, they do either press their design with such vehemency, as they may easily be suspected; or else they overact themselves by telling so improbable untruths, that they are easily discovered: few likewise are unacquainted with the humour of such;

and God has in a manner put Cain's mark upon them, that they may not be believed. Malice cannot conceal itself, no more than it can the faults of others; and the authority of such is ordinarily of so little advantage to the cause they manage, that it hangs contempt upon a report, that they spread it: and how soon it is known to have begun at them, it leaves off to be either regarded or believed.

Those whom interest persuades to talk of you, as being rivals to either your fame or love, do soon discover themselves and their passion, and by that discovery they secure you; for after that, the hearers consider more their interest, than your crimes; and in place of hating you, because of that alleged guilt, they pity and favour you, as a person who is so persecuted. Others do feed such misreport, not because they rival you, but because they would have you to rival them; designing to have you loaded with the like guilt with which themselves stand charged; and expecting either to divert thereby the public noise, and make you the seat of that war; or hoping to lessen their own guilt by sharing it with you; these you should pardon, even as we pardon those who grip us when they are like to drown; neither need ye fear such informers, seeing their interest is known; and, therefore, none will be-

lieve them but such who are simple; as that their belief is not worthy your pains or anger.

Having thus cleared off many of those, whom your Lordship suspected as enemies, my next chapter shall be to comfort you against what impression those who remain can leave on you. In pursuance whereof, my first conclusion shall be, that nothing can be arbiter of your fate, but what hath power to make you happy as well as miserable; by the application whereof, and of the rule of contraries, pardon me to assure you, that except ye thought the rabble might have made you happy, making you great or famous, ye had never feared nor courted their suffrage; and seeing they are so miserable and inconstant a crew, what an empty and unfixed happiness must that be which ye expected? The way, then, not to value common reports, is, not to value what favours the multitude can do you; that happiness which ye pursue amongst them, your own breast, and it only, can bestow: and as nothing that is not spiritual can make your spirit happy, so nothing can wound a spirit, that is nothing else but breath and air; and I assure you, that these detract too much from the nobleness of man's soul, who imagine, that there is any thing else under the sun, whereupon his happiness or unhappiness doth depend; for all exterior enjoy-

ments do not otherwise enrich or impoverish it, than these rivulets which disgorge themselves into that bason of the ocean, do by their access or recess fill or empty its still equal waters. How can man be said to be lord of all the creation, if his happiness does depend upon riches, territories, or any thing without him? And, therefore, it was nobly concluded by Epictetus, That what is without us, and does not depend upon our choice, should not affect us.

And, therefore, seeing reports cannot reach us, they should not grieve us; unjust calumnies fall no otherwise upon a wise man, than hail upon a strong house, whose fall causeth greater noise than prejudice. It is true, that these may hinder us from being preferred, but a virtuous person knows that his happiness lies not in preferment, and so he values no more what can obstruct that, than a covetous man does the loss of what may promote his knowledge; or the amorous what cannot disappoint his love. A virtuous man may by want of preferment, be stopped from doing what good the diffusiveness of his noble humour would stretch towards others; but his country is only a loser in this, and not he, for he pleases himself in the doing what good is within his present reach, and in being willing to do more, if occasion offer.

I confess that misreports do sometimes grieve our spirits; but it is our fancy, and not those, who have that ascendant over us; as is clear from this, that the same words spoke by a friend or fool, will not trouble us, which would enrage us if they slipt from any other person; and till we know what is spoke of us, what is spoken does not trouble us; which shows that not our enemies, but we wound ourselves: and seeing they never trouble us, but when, and at what proportion we do value them; it is clear that not these, but our own reflections do grieve us. For if these grieved us, the measures of our grief would be ruled by any thing in us; and all affronts and injuries should be to all equally disquieting, whereas now they yield to our humours; nor is a jovial, serene spirit, troubled like a melancholian, whose humour gives much of that black tincture to our crosses which so affright us. The way then to assure ourselves against misreports, is, not by informing all that great mass of our acquaintances, or by shunning what displeases others; (for what will persuade them that they have a right to judge us); but the nearer cut is to tame our own affections, and bring them so under rod to our reason, that nothing may offend us, but what offends it; even as the way to preserve a body from diseases, is

to purge away these noxious humours which corrupt the best of aliments.

Let us consider that men are either just, or unjust; if just, we need not fear their reproaches, for they never reproach innocency, and we should not fear to have our guilt reproached; if unjust, we should not fret, because it is natural to them to reproach even the innocent; and we have as just reason to think ourselves unhappy because dogs bark at us, or the winds and storms stop our journeys. This requires submission, but not grief; and is a misfortune to them, but not to us. And, as we should conform ourselves to the laws of the place where we live; so seeing the decrees of providence have appointed the wicked to persecute the just, it is reason to obey, not only because we cannot help it, but because our Maker hath commanded it. Such as calumniate us, do, in so doing, show either ignorance or malice; and that being the worst of ills, they prejudge themselves more than us, and we have our revenge in their offence. Fear not that their malice will be constant if it be vigorous, for it must want in length what it grows to in height, and some fresh object will divert them from toothing upon you; or, at least, their natural inconstancy will make them stagger from what they are at; and they will sooner fix no where, than fix long

any where; and, like a swing, they will probably run as far in the other extreme of admiring you, as they did to that of speaking to your prejudice, and, as those upon whom the plague breaks need never fear a relapse, so your surmounting this report will secure you against all future invasions.

Men should do generous things, not for esteem, but for virtue; and, I may say, they are then most generous, when they meet not with applause; for then they make the world their debtors, but when the world applauds them they pay them: and, whereas, they use the world in the one case as a prince does his subjects; the world uses them in the other case, as a man doth his merchant or servant.

Nothing that is not in our power should grieve us, and so it holds truer in philosophy than policy, that *quisquis est faber suæ fortunæ;* a wise man's inclinations are his stars; and nothing can make him unhappy, but what can pollute these. Seeing, then, we are not answerable for other men's follies, why should their misreports (which are the chiefest of these) trouble us? And, if it be made arbitrary to them to grieve us, what a precarious happiness is ours, which is subject to the caprice of such as are capricious, ignorant, and malicious; to escape one of which three, is as impossible as to please them all. No man is

worsted in his esteem, because another commits a fault; why then should I be grieved as if I were guilty, because another man is so guilty as to calumniate me? And it is too much compassion in me to be sorry for him who wrongs me.

There is no man so foolish, as to pursue a prize not worthy of his pains; or to grapple with one who is not worthy to be defeated. Consider then, that your adversaries acknowledge, that they fear your worth when they endeavour to lessen it by calumny; knowing, that they dare not enter the lists with you upon equal terms; and therefore they call the world, by this *common Fame*, to their assistance; which imports, that nothing less than a multitude can overcome so heroic a spirit. No place is undermined, but what is too strong for the assilant's open force; and no man was ever painfully maligned, but such as were of so noble an humour, that nothing but malice joined with pains could ruin. Levelling is the natural effect of man's pride; and as no great soul will descend to consider his inferiors, so such as fate has placed below you, do naturally design either to rise to your height, or to pull you down to their own stature: and hence it is, that your endowments making the first unpracticable, self-interest makes the second necessary: and the liberty of repining is

a charitable allowance, which should be indulged to those, to whom providence having denied what we possess, we should, in recompense of that partage, suffer some expressions from them; which, when granted, does noways make up that loss. The consideration whereof made that generous prince, Henry the Fourth of France, say, when he heard that his subjects talked of him with more liberty than justice; that he could not but pardon them, seeing they had nothing else to recompense their not being kings of France. It were injustice in you to desire both the price, and the thing whereof ye have the price: so that, seeing ye possess that happiness which deserves public *Envy*, it were unjust that ye should not suffer it, and unmerciful that ye should not suffer a word to pass with the losers.

Consider, likewise, that all mankind is born to misery, that is a law, not a punishment; and envy is too common to be a misfortune: who escapes it in some measure, but such as never attempt any thing that was worthy of consideration? And who thinks death a misfortune, since all must submit to it? So that I may say to your Lordship, That nothing can cure this better, than to wear about your arm the names of three persons, who have passed through this valley of tears, without being soiled by some drops of ca-

lumny; and to find these three will be as hard as to find the philosopher's stone. Men should not repine, then, because they are pursued by some trouble; but they should consider, whether their trouble be greater than that of other men: and by this rule we will find, that they escape easily to whose share of this general taxation, nothing falls but misreports. For such as lie entombed in prison, or are starved in poverty, to be relieved, and which is less, the ambitious for preferment, or the vindictive for satisfying his revenge, would allow the world to talk of them at their own rates: so that your torment is but their choice; and ye do at the same altars complain of what they would beg from them.

No merchant esteems himself miserable, because he owes some debt; but he compares his debt and credit, and is satisfied, if more be owing to him than he owes to others. Do then, my Lord, consider what advantage ye possess; and think not that providence deals churlishly with you, when ye find that even malice must find more things to admire in you, than it can find to carp at; for to have but one trouble is a happiness, seeing if ye wanted all, ye would be a god; and it is sufficient happiness to possess that quiet, which differs but by one remove from His. Number your friends, and I am confident

ye will find these to surpass the number of such as dare say they are your enemies: but though they were fewer than your enemies, yet be not so unjust to your friends, as to think that one friend is not worth a thousand enemies. Wise men number not, but ponder vices; but ye may securely do both. Will not a courtier value the opinion of his prince, and a lover the esteem of his mistress, above all the suffrages of all the remnant of mankind? And should not a virtuous person content himself with the approbation of God Almighty? and which is next, with the esteem of a friend, whose knowledge and virtue makes him all these to such as rightly rate friendship.

—*Sat, amico te mihi felix.*

His friendship is a constant purchase, but the multitude's applause is uncertain and painful; and these should rather be laughed at who court it, than they who want it.

Consider seriously, whether it be not more easy and pleasant to be enjoying yourselves with a generous friend, than by running up and down the world, gaining such as serve for nothing, but to say, *You are a brave gentleman;* which, if it were a fine thing, they would not have it to bestow: for it is not reasonable to think that pro-

vidence would deposite fine things in such hands; and it choses its servants ill, if these be its stewards.

I having, then, spoken formerly to you as a philosopher, let me use the style of a gentleman; and in that tell you, That the world hath no right to judge you; you are a peer, and should not be judged by commons: laugh at them when they usurp, and let not your melancholy be the executioner of their sentence. It is alleged, that no beast dares pursue a man, if he holds his face undauntedly to it; these pursue not men, but cowards; and the rabble knows not when ye err, but because ye blush. Do not then by your anxiety wrong innocency, and establish not a preparative by your yielding, whereby other virtuous persons may be oppressed; but be so charitable even to these unjust creatures who calumniate you, as to reclaim them from that humour, by laughing them out of it; for I assure you, they will use you as men do children, who continue to hold out their fingers to them, when they find it vexes them. No man will lose his pains; and upon this account ye will find, that seeing men calumniate you because they think to vex you, they will give themselves no longer that trouble, than they find they are able to give it you.

The example of these Bethshemites, who fell the sacrifice of their own sin, for prying into the bosom of the ark, forbids my eyes to be so sacrilegious, as to look inwardly into the designs of God Almighty, (whereof it was but a type,) in raising that dust wherewith your name seems to be at present somewhat sullied: and seeing it is unjust to judge of these men's actions, with whose designs we are not too intimate, it were unmannerly to repine at God's dispensations, whose actions are fitted more for our wonder than our inquiry. But yet I may at a pious distance judge, that providence hath designed these reports rather for trophies, than trials to your courage; intending in your case to teach the world, that it is as easy for a generous soul to conquer, as to complain of calumnies: and so I hope your repute shall rise more glorious after this resurrection. Do, then, my Lord, retire from under the empire of *Fame*, to the sanctuary of friendship; where generous souls, by mingling together, become themselves greater. And from that secure post, consider how the happy angels admire to see us, who are designed to be sharers of their happiness, so foolish as to be vain of fame, or vexed when we want it; seeing they possess those joys for which we pray, and yet value not a far more noble fame than

that after which we pant. Ye who are innocent, and may adore your Maker, which completes the pleasures of these blessed spirits: and what can be wanting to one who possesses so much? Consider, likewise, how these hummings, and this noise of us poor mortals, outlive not the present age: for who knows what was said of the noblest ladies who lived in Queen Elizabeth's court, much less in the country during her reign? And history scorns to preserve such ridiculous fopperies, as have no surer foundations than rumour or malice: but though it did, yet a little time shall consume us and them. And therefore I shall finish this letter, as Virgil doth his reflection, upon the battles, toils, and noise of the bees:

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exiqui jactu, compressa quiescunt.

Specimen

OF THE

AUTHOR'S POETICAL TALENTS.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE CIV. PSALM.

From humble heart, thy lofty praise I'll sing;
By love my Father, and by pow'r my King.
Thy powerful hands the heav'nly reins do hold,
And glory shades thee, with its wings of gold,
Dark'ned to mortals by that dazzling light,
Which, as a garment, hides thee from our sight.
Thou the vast heavens spreads for thy stately tent,
And the pure streams, above the firmament
Bow'd by thy pow'r, in crystal arches stand;
Thou bends to vaults the heavens, by thy strong hand,

Emboss'd by stars, gilded by flaming light,
They magnify thy pow'r, and charm our sight.
Swift, like our thoughts, or light, thy chariots fly,
And find glad passage through the yielding sky.
By its own weight, the earth hangs pois'd in air,
An equal instance of thy pow'r and care:
To wash 't from sins, thou did'st in seas it drown,
The seas, as vales, did its high mountains crown:
But when thy thund'ring voice began to roar,
The trembling floods soon shrunk within their shore:
Hills rais'd their heads, the valleys humbly sunk:
The thirsty sun, its floods in vapours drunk:
And now these seas, gather'd in heaps, must stand,
Press'd in by the strong bars of thy command:
Though their hoarse waves beat the complaining shore,
Yet they thy marches dare transgress no more.
The filt'ring hills suck waters from the plain,
Which purg'd from salt, the springs restore again:
To these high tops, they climb by secret veins,
And murmuring tumble on the longing plains;
Fatt'ning, in gratitude, the yielding ground,
Through which their gentle streams a passage found:
These are the source of health, and balm of youth,
Where beasts may cool their heat, and quench their drowth:

The trees suck growth, and greenness from these floods,
And mix their well busk'd branches with the clouds.
Thou decks and baths the hills with pearly dew,
By which their age and colour they renew.
The tow'ring clouds are sifted into rain,
And drop in life, and raise the buried grain.
By thy strange art, the dull earth's formless mass,
Starts up for men in bread, for beasts in grass;
Rich wine, which often elevates men's souls,
Cheers their sunk hearts, and all their cares controls.
The swimming oil, which makes the face to shine,
And checks the vapours of inspiring wine.
A crown for *Lebanon* tall cedars make,
Whence houses men, there birds their nests do take.
In firs amongst the clouds, the storks do breed,
And their desires bound not their craving need.
For fearful deer, the desert hills are made,
Who their swift heels trust more than armed head.
Thou rocks for trembling conies dost provide,
And the wild goats in wilder hills abide.
With borrowed light thou variously dost fill
The low'ring moon, in changing constant still.
Thou cloth'st the flaming sun with massy light,
Whose rays confound, ev'n while they charm our sight:
Thou to his winged haste points out the way,
And makes him mark the year, and mark the day:

To his drown'd beams, succeeds the silent night,
Which spreads its veil, where'er he sows his light.
Then beasts which were o'eraw'd by light and men,
Start from thick wood, and creep from silent den;
With starved voice, from heaven their food they crave,
(Juster than men) no more than they should have.
But when the sun rekindles his new fire,
Men take the fields, and beasts to caves retire.
And till the night of new the heavens invade,
Some plough the ground, and some in cities trade:
Thus thou thy power and goodness dost apply
To all our wants and needs, commodiously.
Nor is 't to earth alone that thou art kind;
The boundless seas, thy boundless favours find;
Whose moisture is soon shap'd in any forms,
And breeds strange monsters, terrible as storms.
There the stout ships which dare control the wind,
In their own strength anchors and harbours find.
There whales, those hills of fish, vast rainbows show'r
From their large nostrils; there they play and low'r
On the smooth surface of that watery-plain,
That polish'd marble of the glassy main.
Thus from thy open hands, large plenty's sent,
Men's wishes they exceed, and hopes prevent;
With trembling sobs, thou seals their parting breath,
To flying dust, they're crumbled down by death.

That earth which thou did'st fix'dly make to stand,
Trembles, when touch'd by thy Almighty Hand.
The lofty hills for fear do nod and quake;
The rowling clouds of smoke thou dost them shake.
While life's kind flame within this lantern burns,
Blood goes by arters, and by veins returns;
The strength thou giv'st, I'll in thy praises spend,
And here begin what there shall never end.
In thy sweet law some of these joys I taste,
On which the ravish'd angels ever feast.
My soaring thoughts reach here vast heavens of bliss,
And sweetly lose themselves in this abyss.
But sinners shall for ever ruin'd be:
Oh! what a curse not to be lov'd by Thee.
To Thee, the incense of our praise we'll bring:
We'll love our *Father*, and adore our *King*.

FINIS.

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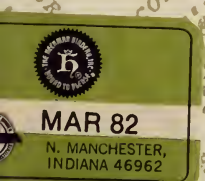

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